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The BYSTANDER

Art, Literature & the Drama.

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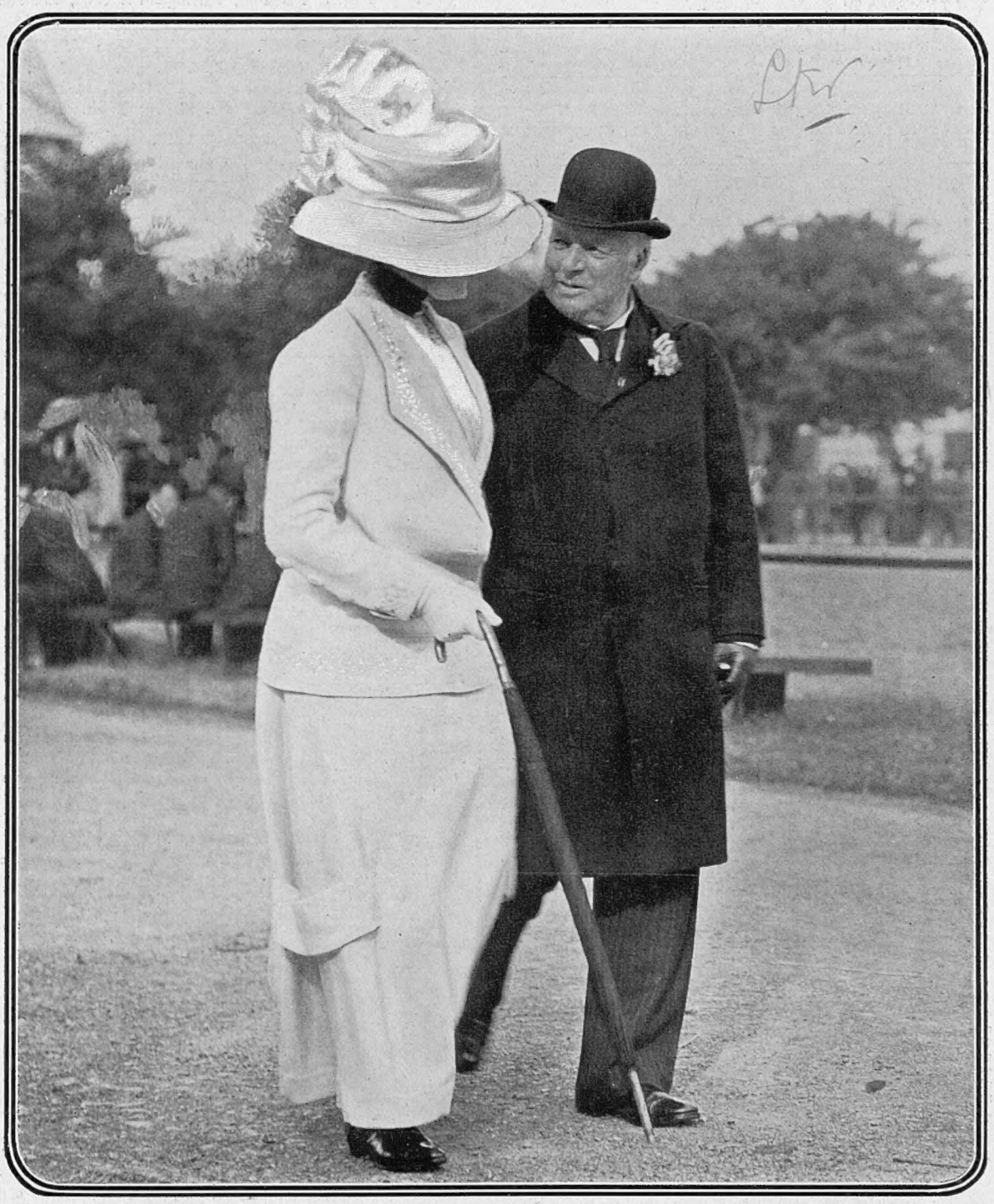

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THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

At Balmoral

A SUCCESSION of guests, among them the young Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg, who meantime left their children with their grandmother at Esher, Sir Edward Grey, Lord Esher (whose son was immensely surprised last week to hear that he was engaged to Miss Zena Dare), and General Sir Bruce Hamilton, is being entertained at Balmoral, where dinner-parties of a small and early variety (the King, unlike his father, cannot stand late hours), are given by their Majesties several times a week. Lord Carrington and his daughter and different members of the Knollys family dine frequently at the Castle, while Admiral Beatty, with his American wife, daugher of the millionaire merchant, Marshall Field, have also several times been honoured with a "command." Mrs. Beatty's splendid shootings march with those of Balmoral, and were often shot over by King Edward, whose pleasure it was to include so many American women among his most intimate friends.

The Chancellor at Court

Simple joys such as the new Royal family loves—does not the Queen knit garments for the poor in her carriage as she drives?—will be more than ever the order of the day at Court next week, for Mr. Lloyd George, hurriedly recalled from a motor tour in Italy, will be in attendance, and he can't, of course, shoot (and wouldn't, I suppose, if he could, with those views of his on the Game Laws?), while the King has not yet mastered the intricacies of the game of golf. There is always fishing, however, and the Chancellor can be a charming table companion whenever he chooses. Indeed, his land-taxing habits notwithstanding, this wonderful Welshman has many points in common with that other "Artful Dodger," the Disraeli for whose conversational abilities even Queen Victoria owned to a weakness. I forget, by the way, what clever person said that "Most good sayings were originated by the ancients, elaborated by the French, and attributed to Disraeli!" but the first volume of an elaborate and exhaustive "Life" of Lord Beaconsfield is coming out next month, and so then, perhaps, we shall see.

The Royal Inventory

Buckingham Palace is at last untenanted, but it is by no means deserted, for alterations are already in progress in the Palace itself, as well as at Windsor and in St. James's Palace. Officials from the Lord Chamberlain's office are busy as bees making inventories—a tiresome job, and no light one, always taken in hand upon the demise of the Crown. The present system, which is very strict, was instituted by Prince Albert, who had a fearful shock when he discovered that on the death of King George IV. many valuables entered in the inventories on his accession had mysteriously disappeared from Windsor Castle. Whence or where no one, of course, ever discovered, but doubtless the First Gentleman, that "one solitary, stout man," who, as Thackeray says,

Photograph] The Prince of Wales: A New Portrait [*W. and D. Downey*
(*Published by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen*)

" did not toil, nor spin, nor fight," yet spent millions and millions of money, £10,000 a year on coats alone, whose income was vast and debts vaster, and who, as it was known that the nation paid his debts, " was a famous pigeon for the play-men "—doubtless he could have told, an he would, to what unworthy resting-places these treasures of the Crown and country had found their way.

Dublin Dull

The Dublin Horse Show last week was only moderately successful. The weather, as usual, helped to spoil matters, and although the " dear, dirty city " was very full indeed, very little was done to brighten the week up from a social point of view. Lord and Lady Aberdeen did not entertain at all. Just now Court mourning is the excuse for not entertaining; but why should this be? If mourning permits them visiting the Horse Show there is surely no reason why they should not have had a party of guests staying with them. Balls and large dinner-parties were not expected from them, but a houseful of guests could have been entertained, and the Viceregal box would not have presented the dreary aspect that it did. People are entertaining less and less in Dublin. There were large house-parties round about, but they kept the fun all to themselves, and Society in general suffered. There was neither a dance, large dinner-party, nor garden-party at Farmleigh; neither did General and Lady Lyttelton entertain beyond their own small house-party. There were two charity dances during the week, the first in aid of various Meath charities and the other at the Royal Hospital for the Irish Branch of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society. I went to the first, and did not see a dozen well-known people. Now, why could not the people who were entertaining guests for the week have made up parties for this dance? No, they preferred the exclusiveness of their own homes, and this is how Dublin Society is run nowadays. Lady Fingall was accompanied by Miss Mary Westenra, and Mrs. Charles Monck came with the Misses Carr-Glyn, the daughters of the Bishop of Peterborough, and Lady Mary Carr-Glyn. These were the sole representatives of what may be termed Society present. There were the usual list of patronesses of the ball, who evinced their interest in it by staying away.

The Attendance

The opening day of the Show was fine and warm, but the attendance was absurdly meagre considering that thousands of people were in the city ostensibly for the purpose of visiting the Show. Among those present I noted Lord Aberdeen making a duty visit of inspection, Lord Waterford, Lord Coventry, who is a great attendant at all such functions, Lord and Lady Middleton, Lord and Lady Plunket, Lord Charles Beresford, Lady Rossmore and Miss Westenra, Mrs. Ronald Greville, Lord Donoughmore, and Lord John Cavendish, the two latter coming with Sir Neville and Lady Lyttelton, Lord Clarina, Lady Beatrix Wilkinson and her sister, Lady Muriel Herbert, Lady Margaret Forbes, Lady Eva Forbes, Ellen, Lady Inchiquin, Mrs. Lilah O'Brien, Sir Gilbert and Lady Greenall, Lady Milbanke, Lord Southampton, Sir Merrick and Lady Burrell, and perhaps half a dozen others equally well known. And this, if you please, is termed a great social gathering!

Viscount Powerscourt's House-Party for the Dublin Horse Show

Left to right, standing: Lord Farnham, Miss Wingfield, Mrs. Nesbitt, Viscount Powerscourt, the Earl of Wicklow, Miss Nesbitt, Mrs. Naper, the Hon. Maurice Wingfield. *Sitting:* Lady Farnham, Countess of Kingston, H.R.H. Prince Louis Fernando, Viscountess Powerscourt, Countess of Wicklow. *In front:* Capt. Saunderson, Mr. Percy Tatham, and Capt. Naper

Mr. Marconi a Visitor

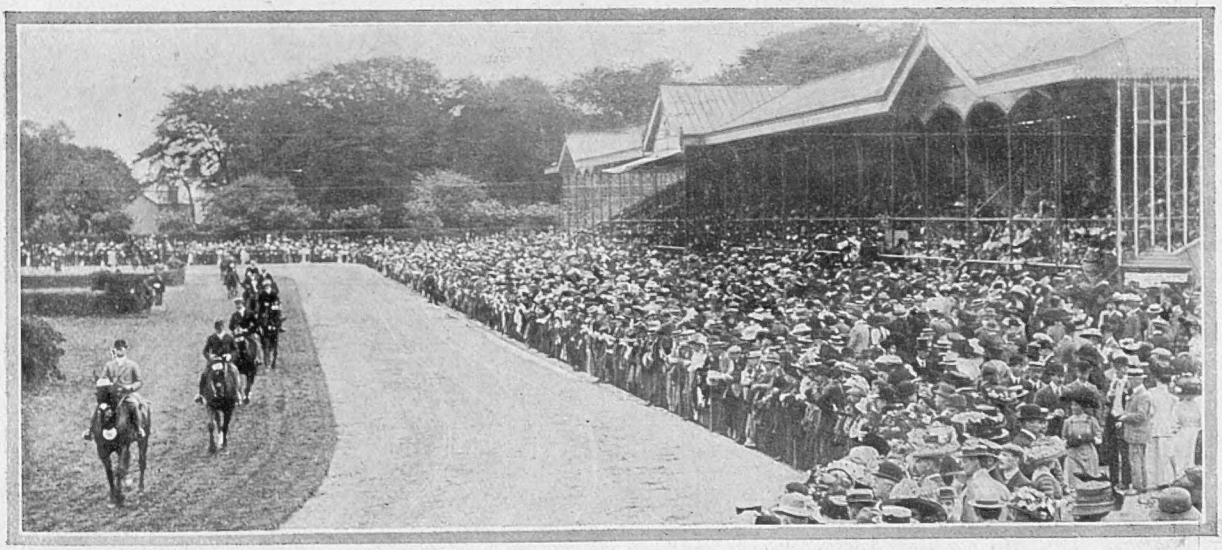
On Wednesday there was a much larger attendance, and the Grand Stand was crowded. Lord and Lady Aberdeen arrived at three o'clock with an escort of

The Horse's Week of Glory

SCENES AT THE DESPERATELY POPULAR DUBLIN SHOW

A General View of the Judging Rings at Ballsbridge

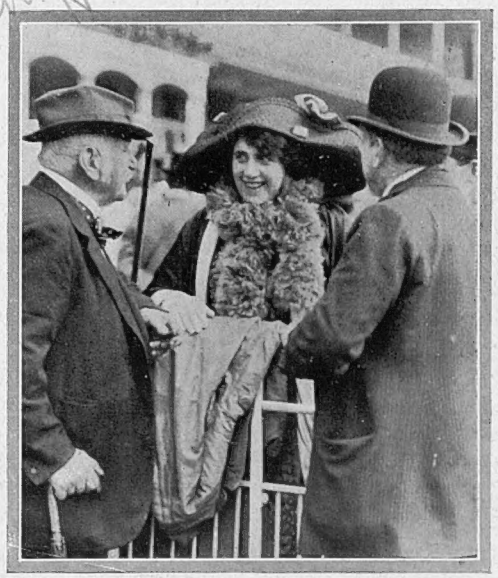
The Proceedings are Enlivened by the Appearance of the Viceregal Party. Leading is Lady Aberdeen, with Mr. Wrench. His Excellency follows



The Parade of Horses Past the Stands

"The Bystander" abstains, in response to the unuttered but nevertheless earnest wishes of quite a number of friends, from describing the Dublin Horse Show as "The Great Equine Carnival," but it is impossible to avoid placing on record that the show of 1910 was just as horsily gorgeous as ever. A great number of foreigners were present eager to buy the best Irish bloodstock. The social side of the show, however, was scarcely brilliant

Royal Horse Artillery, and Mr. Marconi and Sir Anthony and Lady Weldon comprised their party. Others of importance to be noted were Lord and Lady Waterford, Lord and Lady Rosse, Lord and Lady Ardilaun, who were accompanied by Lord and Lady Bandon, Lord Kenmare and Lady Cecily Browne, Lady Bessborough, and Lady Gweneth Ponsonby. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Guinness brought several people with them, and I noted Lord Powerscourt with Prince Louis Fernando of Spain, Lord and Lady Wicklow, Lady Kingston, and one or two others. The Farmleigh party was present in full force, and the general attendance included Lord and Lady Dartrey, Lady Mary Dawson, Lord and Lady Inverclyde, the Ladies Howard, Lord and Lady Dunluce, Lady Drogheda, Sir Alfred and Lady Paget, Lady Fingall, and others I have already mentioned as being present on the previous day.



Miss Julia Neilson (Mrs. Fred Terry) at the York Races
Mrs. Terry has recently recovered from a serious indisposition, and playgoers have welcomed the announcement of her return to the stage

What's Wanted

The Dublin Horse Show week wants, vulgarly speaking, a lot of "bucking up," but this will never be done with the present Viceroyalties, and I may add a little less exclusiveness on the part of those people who entertain smart parties. How different such a Show week would be carried out abroad!

How Much Will They Lose?

This week there is to be a flying meeting at Leopardstown, and it will be interesting to see how much is lost by the venture. Last year, after the meeting at Blackpool, I stated in these columns that there was no money in such shows, and, judging by the results of Blackpool, Bournemouth, Lanark, Nice, and other places that can be called to mind, it would appear that I was absolutely correct in my surmise.

Pessimistic

Next week I am certain we are in for a gloomy time again at Doncaster. There will not be nearly so many house-parties as usual, and no guests will be entertained at Rufford Abbey by Lord and Lady Savile—but this is only seemly. Lord Savile, I hear, is to be with Lord and Lady Scarborough at Sandbeck. The Duchess of Newcastle is to have friends staying with her at Clumber, and Sir Thomas and Lady Kathleen Pilkington, Lord and Lady Galway, Colonel and Lady Maud Rolleston, and Major and Mrs. Laycock will also have people staying with them, but the largest party will, as usual, assemble at Wentworth Woodhouse as the guests of Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam.

Racing at York: A View of the Stands
The York Meeting provided grand racing, and, despite its clashing with the Dublin Horse Show, drew a fashionable crowd. The much-coveted Gimcrack Stakes were won by Mr. Leopold de Rothschild with Pietri

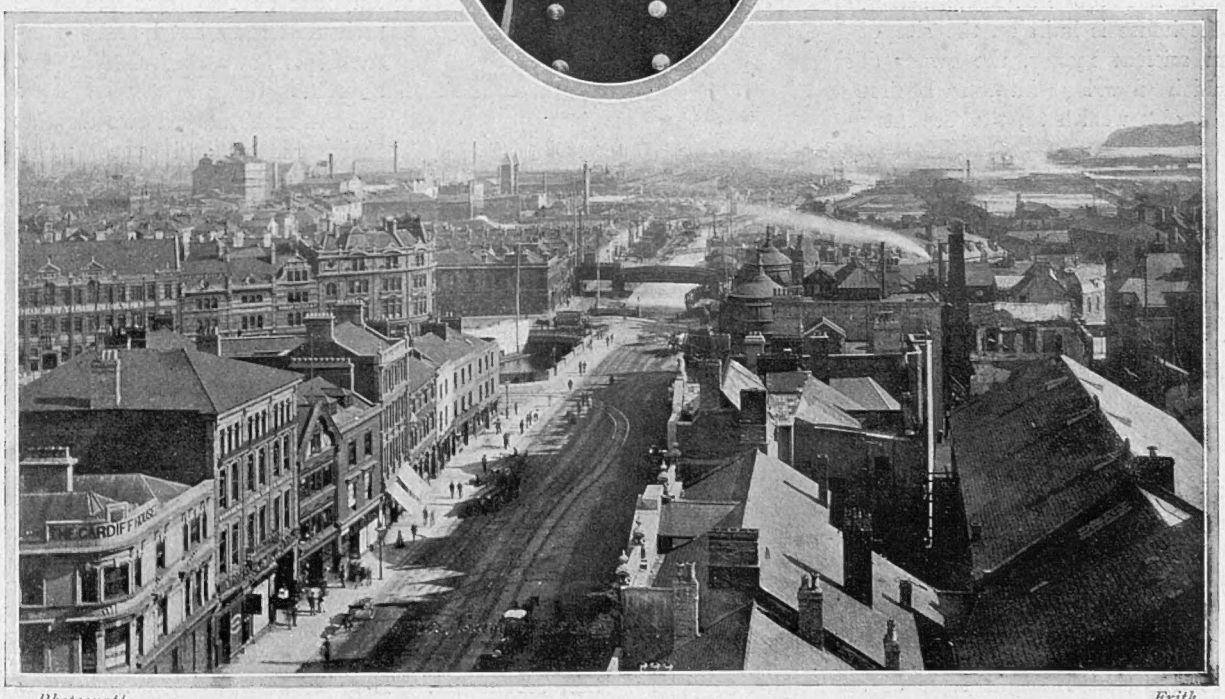
A Pretty Welsh Quarrel

WHICH IS THE CAPITAL OF WALES, LOOK YOU?

Photograph] The Castle Square, Carnarvon *[Frith*

It was suggested by several people, among them the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the ceremony of investing the Prince of Wales should be revived. Instantly a fierce newspaper discussion began as to which Welsh town should be honoured with the ceremony. The champions of Cardiff and Carnarvon, the former on account of its importance, the latter on account of its historical associations, have been particularly fierce—and Celtic—in expressing their opinions

THE PRINCE OF WALES



Photograph *Frith*

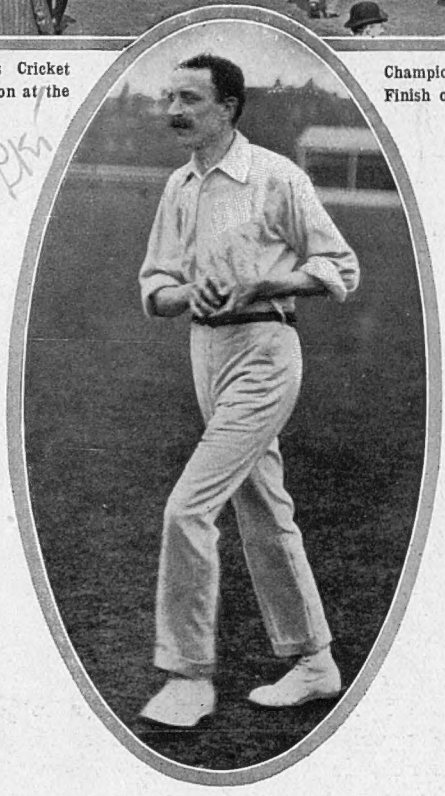
A Wide Glimpse of Cardiff

It is not for a mere Englishman to decide which is the capital of Wales. We give one hand to Cardiff for its commercial supremacy and the other to Carnarvon for the historical glamour which surrounds it. Personally, we confess to a sneaking liking for the claims of Llanfairfechan! Why cannot these irrepressible Celts settle matters by agreeing to hold the investiture of the Prince of Wales—if it ever comes off—in Cardiff and a proclamation of equal grandeur in Carnarvon? Then all would be well

A Worcestershire Wedding

Worcestershire is very much *en fête* this week for the wedding, which took place yesterday, of Lady Dorothy Coventry, the daughter of one of its largest landowners, with Sir Keith Fraser. A large family party is assembled at Croome Court (whose owner made a most genial referee at the Dublin Show last week), which is a big, rather ugly building, chiefly distinguished for the fact that King George III., whose household was "a model, frugal, early, kindly, charitable, orderly, stupid to a degree," and his quiet little wife, Queen Charlotte, once visited there, in 1788, and left behind them two life-sized portraits of their not too handsome selves. The house is built on the site of an ancient manor, the owner of which married into, and first brought wealth to, the Coventry family.

Surrey's Victory over Kent, this Year's Cricket Champions, at the Oval: The Crowd in Front of the Pavilion at the Finish of the Match



The Star of the Cricket Season of 1910

"Razor" Smith, of Surrey, has quite been the central figure of the season, his bowling having been phenomenally destructive. It was largely due to him that Surrey beat Kent last Wednesday by 71 runs

The Connaughts and Canada

It is once again rumoured that the Duke of Connaught is to succeed Lord Grey as Governor-General of Canada, but meanwhile, letting rumours rage, his Royal Highness himself pursues, in the Land of Cakes, that primrose path of uninterrupted pleasure which is the happy fate of English unemployed Royalties. It is believed that the Duchess, for one, and also her daughter (they are both much possessed of the Wanderlust), would like very much to reign in Canada. The Duchess has always shown a leaning to Americans, and only this week is visiting up in Arran that intrepid issue of an Anglo-American alliance, Lord Vernon, who, like his contemporary, Lord Poulett, has been forbidden to drive a motor owing to oft-repeated, naughty "scorching." The latter, by the way, has just returned to the redrained seat of his fathers after a ten months' tour in the East, made for the sake of Lady Poulett's health, and his pretty wife, not being born to motors, now views the countryside from the safe recesses of a tiny governess-cart.

More Elkins-Abruzzi Romance

Talking of American alliances, I see that the Italian papers are once again following with fervour the path of that now positively time-worn romance of Miss Elkins and the Duke d'Abruzzi. The lady and her mother came to Paris last week, it seems, shopped like mad for a few hours, and then departed. An hour or two later the Duke arrived at their hotel, and finding the birds flown dashed off in hot pursuit. Catching the ladies up in Geneva he stayed two days at their hotel, and the party afterwards left in two motor-cars for Vichy, where Lord Rosebery, too, is going to the Bad.

This Week's Wonders

They are wondering if they will ever entertain Royalty again. They are wondering why the Scotch house-party broke up so suddenly. They are wondering where the Irish hostess received lessons in manners, and whether they were "extras" They are wondering whether the Irish house-party was really a success. They are wondering if more will be heard of the Royal Yacht Squadron's guest. They are wondering whether they will be bidden to attend the Coronation. They are wondering whether the diamond tiara given to a recent bride has a history. They are wondering if she knew to whom it was originally given.

The Bystander's Awards of Merit

BEATITUDINAL BATHOS FOR THE SILLY SEASON

In these days so few of us get our deserts. It is rumoured that the Kaiser, however, more fortunate than his fellows, is to receive the Nobel Peace Prize. This sort of luck must jar horribly on other celebrities, so that "The Bystander" has—in the shade of the Silly Season—been seeing what it could do for them

BY NORMAN MORROW

Blessed be the Father—Provided He Can't Afford It!

RIDICULOUS EFFECT OF THE INCOME TAX ABATEMENT ON CHILDREN

A CORRESPONDENT is considerably vexed over the abatement of Income Tax for children, on the strength of which, he tells me, he voted Liberal at the last election, feeling that a Chancellor who had such kind, homely thoughts could not be really a bad man, whatever landlords and brewers said about him.

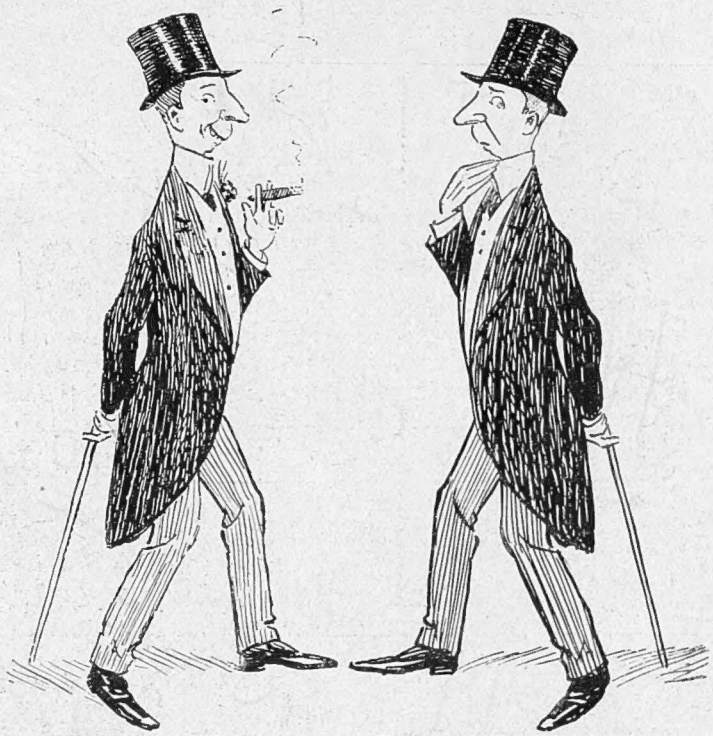
He kissed his eldest child on the morrow of the Budget speech, and called him "Batie" (short for abatement), and gave his mother seven-and-sixpence with which to purchase him a new motor-car for the drawing-room. When another little one duly arrived he called her "Missie" (short for remission), and handed over another seven-and-six, this time for a doll's house.

Then the tragedy happened. It appears that, during the last year, through no fault of his own, his employers had raised his salary. He conscientiously recorded the fact in his Income Tax return, and mentioned at the same time "Batie" and "Missie." Some six weeks after, he had a curt intimation from his local surveyor to the effect that, as his income now exceeded £500, he was no longer entitled to the abatement. Bang, therefore, had gone fifteen shillings, and all there was to show for it is a bruise on Batie's face caused by a collision of the motor-car with the leg of a heavy chair. (Missie's doll's house has long since been demolished.)

But this is not his point. My correspondent does not begrudge his fifteen shillings. But he does object to the principle of the whole thing. One of the avowed objects of the tax was to encourage the propagation of the race. The limitation of the remission to incomes under £500 means that only those are encouraged to have children who cannot afford that luxury! The Chancellor says, "Blessed be fatherhood—provided it is impecunious." The people who can, with incomes of a little over £500, just manage to scrape together enough to rear families in health and comfort, are officially punished for the offence of having properly qualified themselves for parenthood. The man who, receiving an income of under £500, burns the midnight oil to make it a little more, is to suffer for his industry. How dare he trespass outside the barrier erected between wealth and poverty—£500 a year—by an all-seeing Welsh attorney?

What is the effect of this particular example of graduation? To discourage the production of population by those who alone are justified in producing it—*i.e.*, those who are in a position to keep their children. I confess myself utterly amazed at the imbecility of the thing. A man with £480 is encouraged to have children; a man with £520 not! Let BYSTANDER readers turn it over in their minds, and perhaps sufficient force may be gathered together to induce some M.P. to move, when the Budget comes on again, the amendment of the clause.

ONE TAX FOR THE POOR, AND ANOTHER FOR THE PRETTY POOR!



This man (income £480) gets an abatement of 7/6 apiece on his children

This man (income £520) has to pay up on every one of his, and look pleasant

[*The Income Tax abatement on children is not granted on incomes above £500, the result of which is to encourage paternity only in those who cannot afford it*]

Unless "these presents" should catch the eye of the Chancellor himself? If so, I put it to him: Remove the burdens on the poor, by all means, but don't fix arbitrary barriers. There is no natural line at £500 a year that there should be such invidious distinction, on so vital a matter of principle, between the man with the little more and the man with the little less. So important a concession as one which encourages population should be made *universal* and not restricted to one class of income. Why, even the aristocracy ought to be given a little encouragement to perpetuate their race, if only for the purpose of taxation by some future Lloyd George.

The State, by remission of taxation, promises a beatitude in breeding. Excellent. But it should not excommunicate those who alone are economically entitled to breed—that is, those who are in a position to support their offspring and turn them out fitted for the battle of life, and the service of their King and country.

V. C.

"The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books"

Photo *Lallie Charles*

LADY LETTICE CHOLMONDELEY

The handsome and cultured daughter of the Marquis of Cholmondeley, who was Lord Great Chamberlain of England during the late King's reign

Heart-throbs for the Home

If journalism has ever justified its existence as an institution it cannot, at any time, have done so more thoroughly than during the last few weeks. The crowning triumph of the Fourth Estate, however, has undoubtedly been the publication in a weekly paper "for the home" (*dulce domum!*) of a "Life" of the unhappy girl who is, apparently, not even in a position to call herself the wife of her companion in flight. (The Editor describes her as "one of the most notable women of the century!") Here is a heroine indeed for the homes of England, and we notice with a philosophic amusement that the over-righteous tradesmen who object to selling sporting papers because they contain stories likely to prove injurious to the morals of pachydermatous bookmakers are scrambling over each other in their fearful eagerness to secure an unprecedented sale for this wholesome and home-like "story," which, from what we have read of it so far, seems to us to savour of something like contempt of court.

Disgusted Fisherman (*emptying his bait into the stream*): "Hanged if I'll wait on you any longer. Here, help yourselves!"

A Note of Bitterness

It is not often that a note of bitterness is struck in these columns, as my readers well know, but it has recently been my unfortunate lot to witness a spectacle calculated to make one's blood boil with fury against all the powers of law and order. It happened outside Victoria Station. A moving crowd caught my eye. With natural curiosity, I sought out the cause of the congestion. And then one of the most pitiable exhibitions imaginable of thoughtless official brutality caught my eyes.

England Shamed

A man in yellow, marked with black arrows, was being led by a warder out of Victoria Street into the station. He was a handsome, straight young fellow of most aristocratic appearance. His face flamed crimson with shame. The crowd murmured angrily. A man broke through and cursed the warder. Why hadn't he given the poor devil a cab, or cover of some sort? The convict spoke, and his accent revealed his good breeding. "Shut up, now," growled the warder, and hustled his prisoner away into the station. For some time the crowd discussed the vile occurrence. There was not a man or woman present whom the sight had not punished. Why should such things be? A Frenchman touched me on the shoulder as I moved away. "And this is how you govern in England, eh?" he said, with a shrug. Just so are Anarchists made.

Boatman: "There ain't no need for you gents to worry; *you're* all right"
Clergyman: "Oh! are you sure, captain?"
Boatman: "Abserlutely . . . . . but *I've* led a h—l of a life"

Puccini Poses for "The Bystander"

THE MAESTRO GIACOMO PUCCINI (sitting)

The famous composer of "La Boheme" and "Madama Butterfly," who will produce his new opera, "The Girl of the West," in America in December.

On his left in the picture is his librettist, Signor Zangarini, and on his right his old friend and collaborator, the Maestro Carignani. The picture was taken at Bagni di Lucca, where, amid the beauty and calm of the Tuscan hills, Puccini recently spent many hours each day composing

"Public School Shortcomings"

REPLIES TO "AN OLD BOY'S" CRITICISMS

THE article on "Public School Shortcomings" published in THE BYSTANDER of August 17 has occasioned widespread interest.

The writer of the article criticised the administration and effectiveness of our system of Public School education, basing his strictures on observations made at the school where his boyhood was spent when he revisited it "after an absence abroad of twenty years."

The Editor of THE BYSTANDER is content to accept the school referred to as a type, and agrees with his correspondent as to the existence of some of the "shortcomings" mentioned. He thinks it only fair, however, to "hear all sides," or let them be heard, and appends accordingly some excerpts from the many letters which have reached him.

From Aldershot comes a letter signed "Public School Boy," which is interesting. It runs:

> Please excuse me if I write, somewhat indignantly, an answer to an article on the defects of Public Schools education. The writer appears to have been at a Public School some time in the past—to have paid a flying visit, and found the general condition of things much the same as when he left, and to have spread, as a result, among your numberless readers an impression of unhealthy and dirty living and time-wasting at all the Public Schools of England. I don't know to what school he refers. I myself was at Marlborough, and can assure him that there, at any rate—though parts of the buildings resembled barracks—everything was kept spotlessly clean, and most careful precautions were taken against infection and the encroachment of dirt. I have met numerous representatives of other large Public Schools—Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Shrewsbury—all say the same. I think he may regard the boys' health as being as safe as modern science can make it at most of these institutions.

From St. Albans "An Old Boy" is criticised by another, who writes:

> When a harsh criticism of English Public Schools is made, a blow is struck at one of our most vital points—at what we may call the backbone of English manhood. On this subject, surely, those most concerned are necessarily the parents of the boys and the boys themselves, but from neither of these has any outcry yet been heard.

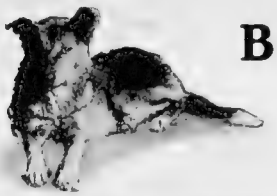
"Present Headmaster" tackles THE BYSTANDER correspondent on the point of slackness—*i.e.*, too many holidays. He writes:

> Your contributor's first complaint is with regard to holidays. Now, a well-known nerve specialist told me only a few days ago that many schoolboys nowadays were being ruined in constitution and physique by brain-fag and the result of over-pressure at school. I am quite prepared to admit that this is not a very real danger at most of the Public Schools, but it is worth while to mention this doctor's opinion to show that long holidays are not always condemned by the profession.

From Rugby, Harrow, Haileybury, Eton, Wellington, Marlborough, and many other schools letters have been received in large numbers, the writers for the most part insisting that the primary objects aimed at in our great Public Schools, to teach boys to be straightforward, manly, cleanly, and self-reliant, are attained to-day quite as successfully as they were twenty years ago.

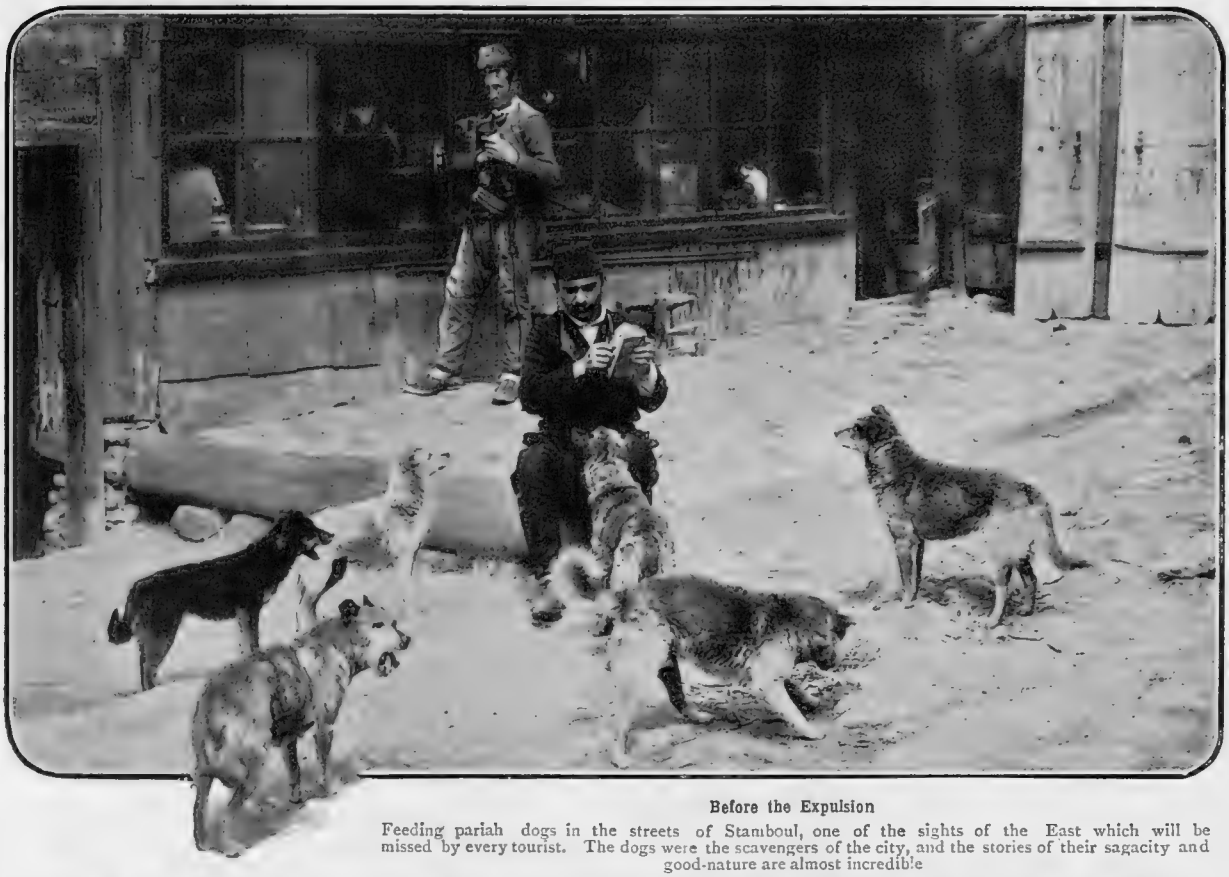
A very youthful correspondent, signing himself "BRAH," whose style may not be of the best, but whose sound common sense is unimpeachable, writes from Surrey, where he is at home for the holidays:

> When I took up my BYSTANDER and read "Public Schools Criticised" I would have bet my boots that it was written by someone who had never been at a Public School. But I was wrong. It was by an "Old Boy," who ought to have known better. I might as well confess that I am at a large Public School at the present moment; and, therefore, I may be presumed to know something about "Public School Shortcomings" (being in the thick of them), though perhaps my lack of years may lessen my authority.
>
> I can make a fairly good guess at the Public School referred to by H.W., because my brother recognises his old school, in spite of the terrible picture of dirt and idleness painted. I have come to the conclusion that either H.W. ate something for lunch which disagreed with him, or life abroad has warped his ideas, and made him a continual grumbler. He finds Smith minor writing lines for breaking bounds. What would he have done with Smith minor? Flogged him, perhaps. Very good thing, too; but many say that this form of punishment is degrading, and brutalises a boy. Somebody has an objection to every sort of punishment. He objects to the holidays. Everyone objects to the length of other people's holidays. I notice he forgets to mention how long holidays he got himself. Probably the same amount, as I do not think that they have been altered for many years. Also he wants Sunday to be a day of work—at least, he is astonished that it is a half-holiday. Perhaps he is an Atheist. As a matter of fact, at most schools there are three chapels and a Scripture school during the day, with some more work in the evening—which I think quite enough for a Sunday.
>
> His complaints on the studies, bathrooms, and other habitations are natural, coming from a man who has lived in luxury for twenty years, as I gather he has. He is bound to be struck by the contrast between his own study and that of a boy's. I should not be surprised if the latter is not a good deal more sanitary than the thickly carpeted and curtained rooms at H.W.'s home.
>
> Nor is the food so bad as he makes out. Boys are inveterate grumblers. I have known boys grumble at chicken and say that it must be cheaper or they would not have had it. And as for his nephew's performance in the tuck-shop, surely he knows that a boy is the most wonderful eater in the world. I myself have seen a boy eat eight ordinary sandwiches and two ices after quite a good lunch.
>
> "Why do parents send their boys to a Public School?" and "What good does it do them?" he asks. Let him look at boys who have *not* been to a Public School. A precious lot they are. Anyone knows that you can get just as good an education—in books—at home. But surely H.W. has lived long enough to know that a Public School sets itself out to educate the character as well as the mind; that it is the only place which can really knock the nonsense out of a boy (there are exceptions!); that it hall-marks a boy for the rest of his life, like the 'Varsity. Boys do not go to school to live on the fat of the land and a five-course dinner. They go to be taught to be English gentlemen among other things.



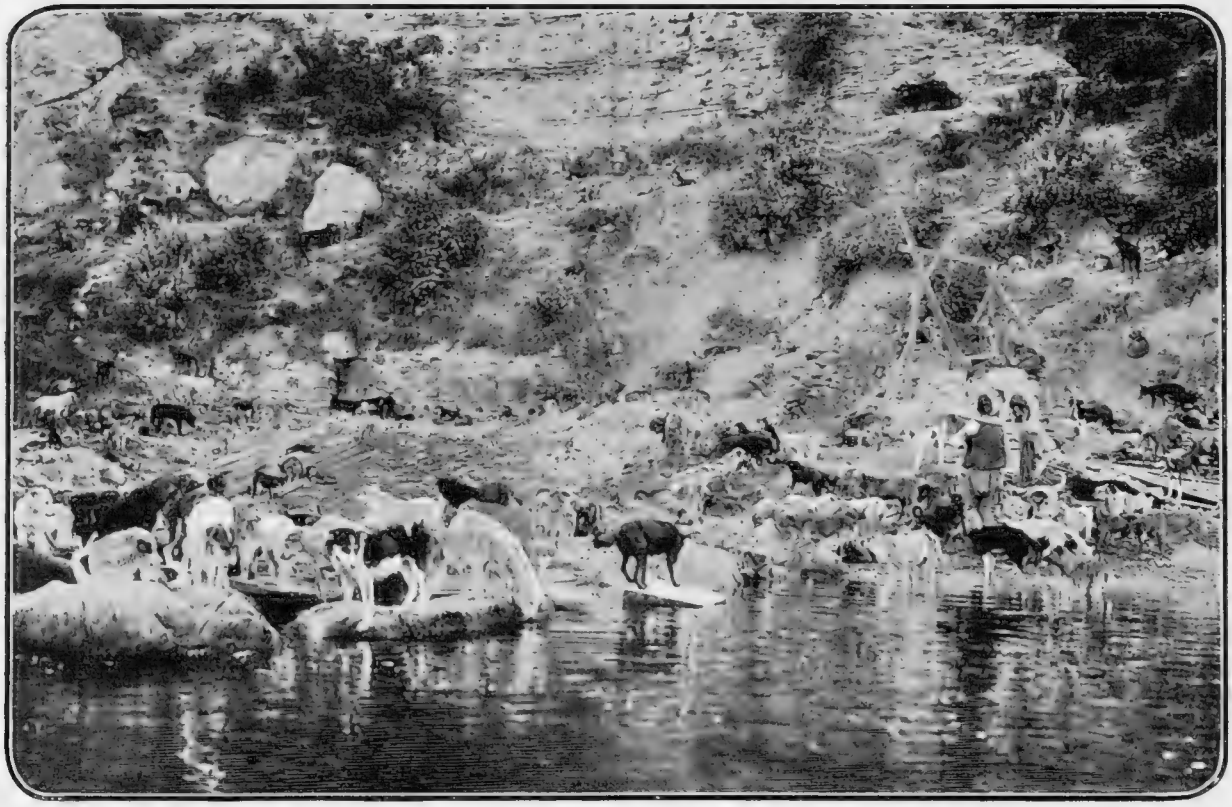
Banished, But Not Destroyed

THE PATHETIC PASSING OF THE CONSTANTINOPLE STREET DOGS



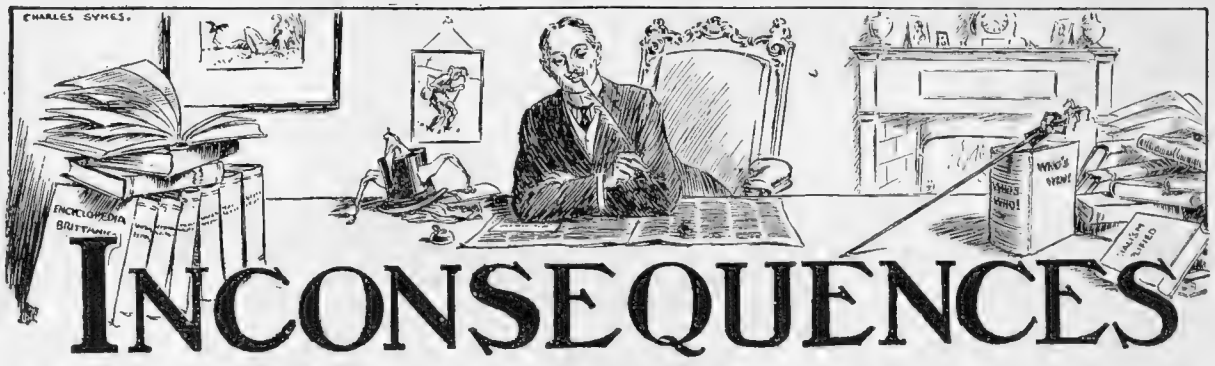
Before the Expulsion

Feeding pariah dogs in the streets of Stamboul, one of the sights of the East which will be missed by every tourist. The dogs were the scavengers of the city, and the stories of their sagacity and good-nature are almost incredible



Photograph] **Where the Dogs are at Rest: Scene on the Island to which they have been Banished** [*Underwood*

It is not so very long ago that the pariah dogs of Constantinople, whose scavenging was at one and the same time a boon and a disgrace to the city, were banished to the Isle of Oxia, in the Sea of Marmora. There is nothing for them to eat on the island, and a great scarcity of fresh water. A little bread is brought ashore daily (see second picture), but not nearly enough to feed the animals, who are as a consequence dying at the rate of about two hundred a day. It is simply monstrous to think that the animals are not destroyed, but allowed to die slowly in agony



INCONSEQUENCES

LABOUR Exchange News (edited by our Socialist expert).—A man applying for work has produced as a testimonial a "Warning Form" from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

* * *

DESCRIBING Barry's style of rowing, a contemporary says that he "throws nothing away." If dressed as we saw him when training he could not possibly throw very much away without being questioned by the police.

* * *

ON being committed for burglary, a prisoner has handed to the Bench a poem written in his defence. This is a risky line to take. A magistrate once glanced at verses composed in this way, and immediately gave the author a long term of penal servitude.

* * *

LORD ABERDEEN explains that there is no more orderly country than Ireland, and no more peaceable population than the Irish. Other intimations we have received privately are:

Mr. Asquith—The Scotch are the wittiest people in the world.

Mr. Keir Hardie — An arrogant independence is the principal fault of the natives of India. Increased discipline is called for.

M. Blériot — Mr. Robert Loraine and Mr. Grahame White suffer greatly from timidity and nervousness.

German Emperor — Want of military ability and inefficiency in business are the chief drawbacks of my people.

Mr. Roosevelt — Wake up, America!

* * *

FROM a steamship company's report: "The directors recommend a final dividend at the rate of..... per cent., making..... per cent. for the year." The interim dividend was, we understand..... per cent.

* * *

MR. TOM WING, M.P., has left in a trawler for the Faroe Islands to study at first hand the conditions of a sailor's life, accompanied by two Press photographers and a cinematograph operator. This is the true way to redress grievances. One feels so confident that all the injustices and hardships inflicted on seamen will be reproduced for these gentlemen for publication in the newspapers!

* * *

"WALSH was inclined to take too many liberties, and was sent to the floor with a right jab in the face" (boxing report). That is really the only way to deal with people who are forward; mild remonstrance is perfectly useless.

* * *

LINKS WITH THE PAST: 1st (and last.—ED.)

MR. WILLIAM SIKES, Whitechapel, writes: "I have sat on the knee of an old woman who was sentenced at the Old Bailey the same day as a former confederate of a man who was in gaol with my relative, Mr. Charles Peace. Many of your readers are sure to have similar reminiscences." (Correspondents, when writing, are requested to mention their prison and full *alias*.)

* * *

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS

BY STARR JOHNS

MAKING GEOGRAPHY

(*Dredgings are being transported from the mouth of the Elbe to add to the coast-line of Heligoland.*)

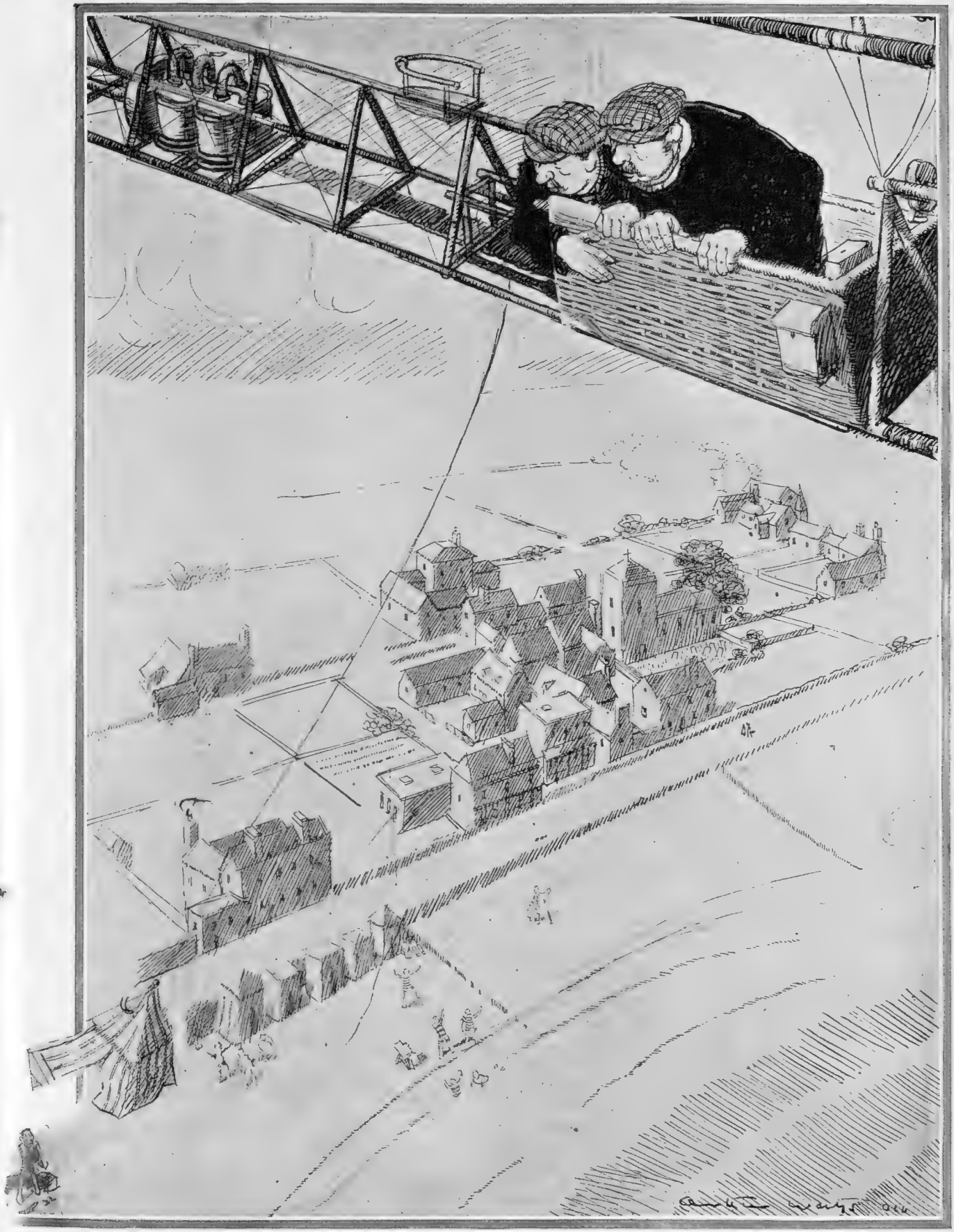
An ingenious method is being discussed by the All-for-Ireland party to solve the Unionist *v.* Separatist problem by constructing an isthmus between Holyhead and Dublin. The movement is opposed on conscientious grounds by the steamship companies.

To serve as a naval base for the German Fleet a large island is being run up a few miles off the coast of Norfolk. The Kaiser denies that there is the slightest intention of using it for an invasion of England.

Owing to complaints from tourists of the want of mountain scenery near Brighton a large contract has been given to the International Earth Removal Syndicate. Mr. Lloyd George has already made an application for unearned increment.

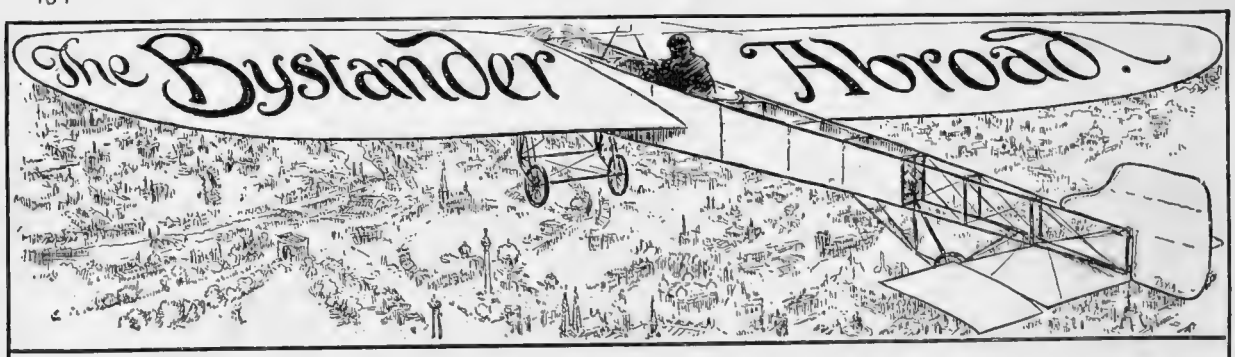
A regatta is shortly to be held in the interior of Yorkshire, a lake being let into the county for the purpose.

"The Last Hope Gone"



A TWO-FOLD TRAGEDY

BY ARTHUR WATTS



The King of Montenegro: His Work for His Country: Some Charming Exports

The King of the Black Mountains

For some time past Prince Nicholas of Montenegro (or the Prince of the Black Mountain, as he is familiarly called) has been a sympathetic and popular figure in Europe. And now that he is about, with gala celebrations out of all proportion to the size of his realm of 250,000 inhabitants, to declare himself a King—the "brother" of the Tsar of Russia, of King George of England, and the great Kaiser of Germany—Europe rejoices, and wonders how it could have taken so clever a diplomat fifty years to convert his charming little principality into a kingdom. If Servia could have its King, why not Montenegro? Internationally, there need have been nothing to prevent the elevation of Montenegro into a kingdom. The only obstacle in the way was Montenegro herself, whose Budget was ridiculously small and showed no signs of getting bigger. For a long time it was considered preferable to sacrifice the splendours of a Court on the altar of economy. And now suddenly Montenegro has an attack of megalomania, from which all Serbs tend to suffer. (The Montenegrians, like Servians, Bosnians, and Herzegovinans, are Serbs, and their language is Servian.)

M. Venezelos, the Probable Greek Premier
The Greek elections have resulted in a triumph for the Rallis-Theotokist parties. M. Venezelos is resigning his functions in Crete, and will probably lead the Hellenic Parliament. Trouble with Turkey will probably result

A Royal Poet

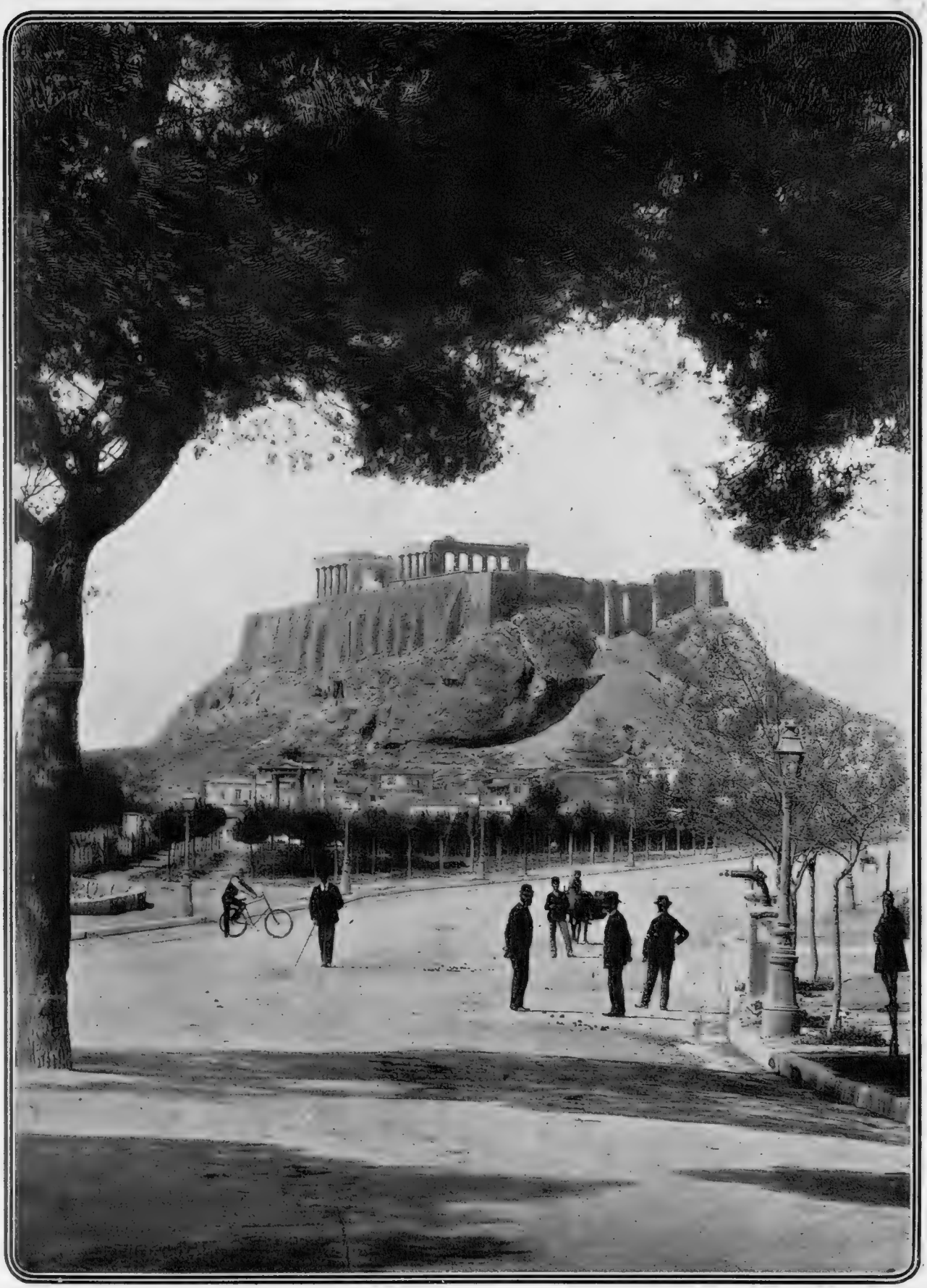
The future King of Montenegro is chiefly known as the father of the Queen of Italy and as a poet, whose works have been translated into nearly every European language. Although little is known of Montenegro, and perhaps there is little to know besides its geographical position, the features of its handsome Prince in his picturesque peasant costume are known to everyone. During the sittings of the Peace Conference at The Hague, Montenegro also had its delegate, and I remember how everybody laughed when she dared to differ from the big countries of Europe. There has been too much tendency not to take Montenegro seriously. And yet, in spite of the fact that she has no credit and no railways, this tiny little State has had a grand and glorious past. Surely thirteen centuries of independence, bought and maintained with the blood of its children, are worth the dignity of King. Prince Nicholas has been accused, and most unjustly, of doing nothing for his country. When a State has always to fight to prevent itself from being swallowed up entirely or to dabble in high politics to play one's enemies off against each other, there is little time to attend to the welfare of a people. Still, Nicholas I. has done his best—the best that could have been done. In 1860, when his predecessor was assassinated, Prince Nicholas was being educated in Paris at the Lycée Louis-le-Grand, and, curiously enough, one of his classmates was Milan Obrenovitch, whose unfortunate career is too well known to need repeating. Nicholas had better luck than he had. He has certainly been cleverer.

Fair Trade

Prince Nicholas did "well for himself" in 1878, to use the popular expression. By the Treaty of Berlin his revenues were doubled, and his population increased by 100,000 souls. It was then he began his "marriage policy," as it has been called. He married his daughters "the only exports of Montenegro," to quote the Prince's own words, to the best possible advantage for his country. Two of his daughters married Grand Dukes of Russia, the late Princess Zorka married Peter Karageorgevitch, now King of Servia, Princess Anne married a Battenberg, but the marriage which was the finest jewel in his crown was the union of Princess Helena with the King of Italy, in honour of whom the Prince is now becoming King! This is one of the diplomatic reasons given. There are many who see behind this elevation of Prince Nicholas the hand of Count von Aehrenthal. There are some who say that it is Austria-Hungary who will bear the extra expenses of the "dignity of the crown"—and she will also help Montenegro to round off its territory in exchange for assurances of value to herself. Certain it is that the new kingdom will not be eyed with favour in Belgrade. For some time it has been a question whether Cettinje should annex Belgrade or *vice versâ*, and the "father of the Slavs," as Prince Nicholas is known, is always supposed to be plotting to convert his title into a reality! At any rate, it looks as if Count von Aehrenthal were adopting the very skilful policy of playing his enemies off one against the other, which means peace for the present.

Its Ancient Fame Renewed

THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER, ATHENS, LATELY INSPECTED BY MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL



Rising 500ft. above the Attic plain, the temples on the Acropolis, golden with age, are the most conspicuous objects of the city of Athens. In solitary grandeur, they look down on the city below, as if contemptuous of the generation which now calls itself Greek. Latterly, Greece has been in the throes of a General Election, in which a wholesale resuscitation of Hellenism has been the leading policy. (The capital has, incidentally, been honoured by a visit from Mr. Winston Churchill)

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"THE REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY" AT TERRY'S THEATRE

THE chief drawback to this really interesting play is its cumbersome title. It is quite within the bounds of possibility that many worthy people of the class to which the play is designed to appeal will be left wondering as to the sort of operation that Aunt Mary has to undergo. This apart, however, the piece seems to have every element necessary for a "popular" success. It is filled to the brim with that lively humour and homely sentiment which are usually so keenly appreciated by the mass of playgoers, although here and there the extremely American accent of the company makes it a little difficult for the mere Britisher to catch the full point of the mirthful quip. Under ordinary circumstances one might suppose that the ladies and gentlemen of Miss Robson's company would, after a brief residence in this country, have a chance of acquiring a smattering of British pronunciation; but Miss Robson has chosen to descend in the American quarter of the metropolis, where for some weeks to come, at least, little but the American accent will be heard on all sides.

ON the opening night of the play the audience was overwhelmingly Yankee, and during the *entr'actes* the amount of "guessing" and "calculating" was prodigious. Perhaps, also, it may be an American custom to forward prematurely to the "star," *viâ* the orchestra and the footlights, "bokays" in large quantities as a mark of regard and esteem. Anyhow, something like half a dozen floral gifts of varying magnificence were handed to Miss Robson as the curtain fell on the second act, and she seemed very pleased about it. At the same time, if I were in her place I think I would have considered that the presentations made so early in the evening almost justified an uneasy suspicion that the kindly donors had seen all they cared to see of the play, and were anxious to get away.

THESE are, however, only matters of detail. Miss Robson may or may not be America's greatest comedy actress, but she certainly handles the part of Aunt Mary with considerable skill. She has a slight tendency, it is true, to exaggerate the humorous parts, as though she had made up her mind to get every laugh in its right order, or perish in the attempt; but her little touches of pathos are very dainty, and strike home without any unusual effort. A peculiar feature of the play is the sharp turn that the dialogue takes now and then in an opposite direction from that in which it seemed to be going. At one moment Aunt Mary will be weeping on her penitent nephew's shoulder and the next moment she will straighten herself up with a sharp jerk and complain that he has squeezed her round the waist to the point of acute personal discomfort. Humour at such moments seems a little incongruous, but it tells all the time, and no doubt we shall soon get used to it if we try very hard.

THE story is all about the escapades of John Watkins, jun., to whom Aunt Mary has acted as a second mother. When the story opens he is a young man of twenty-three, who has just been "suspended" from college, quite a different thing, as he explains to his indulgent aunt, from being actually expelled. His college "scrapes" include the accidental wounding of a cook with a shotgun, and a fight with a cabman, resulting in concussion of the brain to the latter, and although Aunt Mary insists that a cabman hasn't any brain to concuss, she has to consider the question of pecuniary compensation. All these victims of John's activity claim substantial damages, and Aunt Mary's family lawyer seems to spend most of his time in settling troubles out of court. At the end of the first act John's demands upon her patience and her purse have become too much, even for her, and she disinherits him with a stroke of the pen and sends him from her house.

THE "rejuvenation" part comes in when Aunt Mary follows her nephew to New York in a forgiving mood and falls in with his lively college chums, who take her to see the sights, as a result of which Aunt Mary comes back to her country home with an exaggerated taste in frivolous underwear, which shocks her old-fashioned retainers to the verge of paralysis. A good deal of the underwear is displayed for our inspection, and at this point the humour of the play is certainly uproarious. Miss Robson contrives to present the scene with all possible delicacy, so that there is nothing in it but the most innocent fun. Some of the "jokes" are, perhaps, a little careworn, but they lose nothing of their quality in Miss Robson's hands, and no one could have desired a better reception for them than that which they got on the opening night. One of the successful humorists of the piece is Aunt Mary's cat, "Ruth." It is true that the cat has no speaking part, but several mild jests turn upon its erratic career, and it seems to be considerably amused at the references to itself. Once, when her nephew proposes to take her to a roof-garden, Aunt Mary, who has never heard of such an institution before,

SKETCHED BY NORMAN MORROW

protests that it sounds as if it were a more suitable place for her cat than herself, and the roar of laughter that greets the retort clearly shows that the audience has not missed anything.

THE part of John Watkins, jun., is played by Mr. Jack Storey, who in the second act reveals a considerable amount of ability as a musical entertainer. He has a good voice, and is, as you might say, handy with the piano, and he turns from jovial love-songs to sentimental ditties with no perceptible effort, his success being very satisfying either way. It must be admitted that but for this musical interlude, the second act would have been rather short and thin, since it is concerned with very little else than Aunt Mary's arrival in New York on a visit to her nephew, who is staying there with friends. One of the friends, by name Mitchell (Mr. Paul Decker), is a most energetic fun-producer, and all the "boys" work very hard indeed to keep the play moving briskly. The "boys" had arranged between themselves to give a little dinner to Betty, the sister of one of them, in honour of her birthday; but when Aunt Mary arrives she is easily persuaded that the ceremony has been prepared expressly for herself. In this way Aunt Mary receives the birthday presents originally intended for Betty, and she scores another feline point when she carefully puts aside a piece of ribbon with the remark that it will do for her cat "Ruth," since the poor thing wears out so many ribbons in the course of her nocturnal outings.

MISS ROBSON is supported by a company that is admirable in every way. The actors "play up" to each other with a fine energy, and this helps to give a vigour to the production that it might not otherwise possess. At the same time, Miss Robson's supremacy is never for a moment in doubt. She is on the stage nearly all the evening, and proves herself equal to every call upon her histrionic quality. Her energy is boundless, and if a "joke" requires physical support to get it over the footlights, Miss Robson is ready to give it a start with both hands and all the muscles of her mobile features. It seems to me that this is the kind of play that the "homely" public will enjoy; while it should prove an exhilarating entertainment for even the comparatively *blasé* individual. The moral of it seems to be, according to the "tag" that brings the curtain down, that we were all meant to have happiness, but that some of us do not know where to look for it.

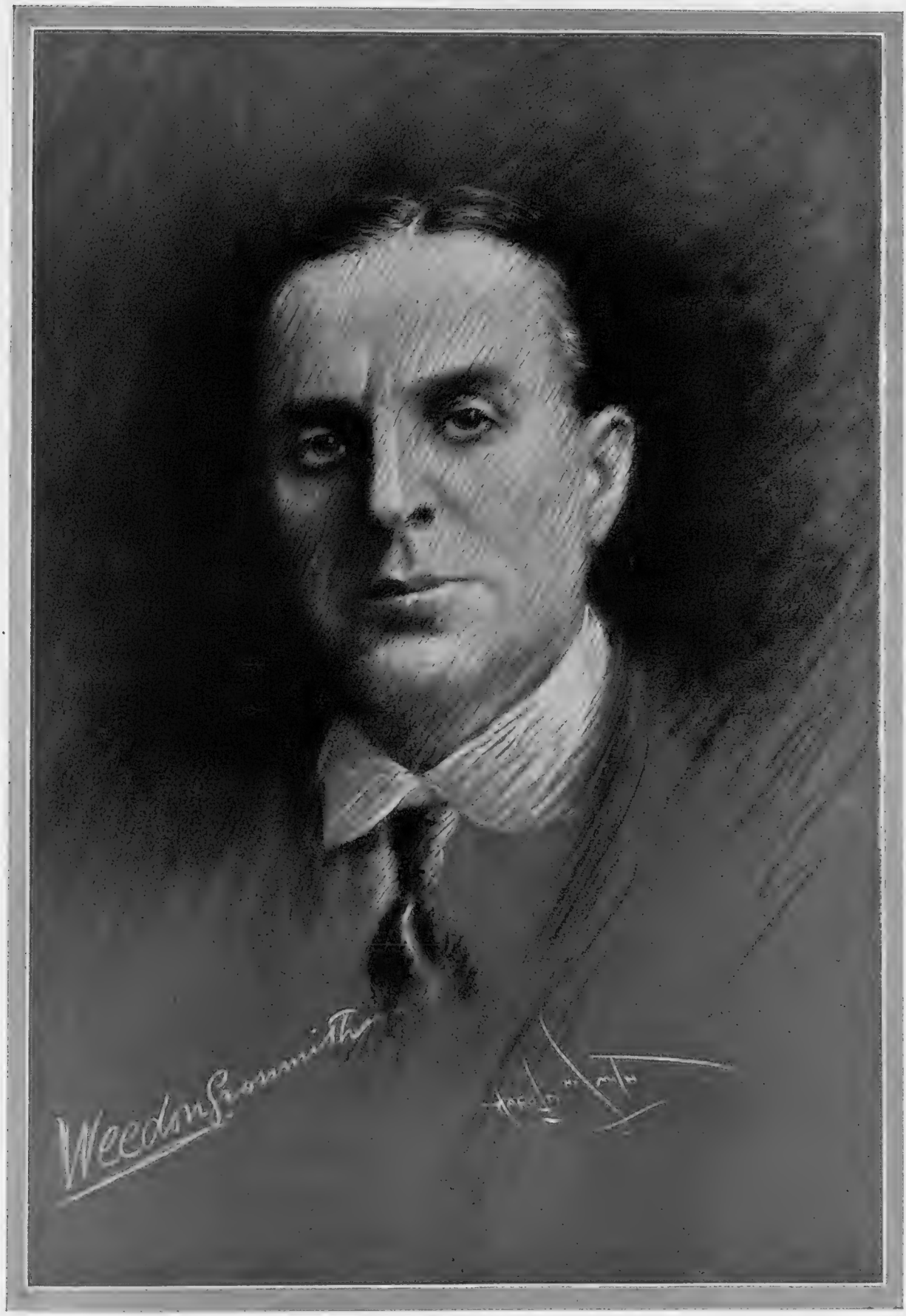
JINGLE.

Photograph] **"The Follies" Return to Town: A Remarkable Living Statuary Exhibit** [*Hana*

Mr. H. G. Pélissier opens his season at the Apollo Theatre after one of the most remarkable "flying" tours on record. In thirty days his company visited no fewer than thirty-six towns. The above is the first photograph taken of the present company. In the group on the left are Morris Harvey, Lewis Sydney, Gwennie Mars, and Effie Cook. On the other side are Douglas Maclaren and Ethel Allandale (standing) and Muriel George and Dan Everard (sitting). The well-developed figure in the centre of the set-piece needs no description

Pencil Portraits of Stage Favourites

(DULY AUTOGRAPHED BY THEMSELVES)



MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH: DRAWN FROM LIFE BY HAROLD H. SMITH

(Previous issues containing drawings by Harold H. Smith of Sir H. Tree, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, Mr. Charles Hawtrey, Miss Lily Elsie, Mr. Fred Terry, Mr. H. B. Irving, and Mr. Lewis Waller, and by R. G. Mathews of Miss Gertrude Elliott, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Miss Winifred Emery, Mlle. Anna Pavlova, Mlle. Gaby Deslys, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Miss Elsie Spain, and Miss Valli Valli, may be obtained from the Publisher)

PARIS SHOWS

et Autres Choses

by John N. Raphael.

PARIS is empty, and, being empty, Paris is filled to overflowing. This is not as paradoxical as it may sound. Parisians go away in the summer (when they get one) and other people rush to Paris. As there are more people outside Paris than in it—this is not a discovery of my own; you will find it in any respectable geography book—a simple arithmetical calculation will show you that more people come to Paris in August than leave it. Therefore Paris, being empty, is full. *Q.E.D.*

I went downstairs and I found the greatest difficulty in dodging the three people in my street. They were perfectly sober, but they were provincials, probably from St. Something En Caux, where three geese and a girl with a long stick in the High Street bring the population out to their doorsteps to see what the excitement is. And then I took a cab and went to the Louvre. It sounds simple. But if you have ever been embraced effusively by a Paris cabman because you are his first customer since Monday week, you will realise that even taking a cab may have its complications in the month of August. I often go to the Louvre, and I was a bit surprised that no guide rushed at me and addressed me incorrectly in three languages. I hate guides, as a rule, but the mere fact that the two dingy gentlemen with last week's beards who were near the door took no notice of me hurt me somehow. So I inquired. "Very tired we are," they explained. "Sehr viele Leute heute. Beaucoup de monde. Moltissimi!"

"The Artist": A Sketch in Rome
By Norman Morrow

To get a little beauty into my system I went to see Milo's "Venus," who is an old flame of mine, although, for obvious reasons, she has never put her arms round my neck. Venus has a little reception-room of her own in the Louvre, and this is what I heard there: "Where is Milo?" she said. She wore what our American cousins call a shirt-waist and a black-and-white check walking skirt, which showed a pair of pale yellow boots—small eights, I fancy. She also wore a straw hat with a pear on it. He had an empty pipe in his mouth, and, having said this of him, I am sure I need not describe the rest of his costume in detail. "Milo," he said, "is in Italy somewhere; near that place that got all covered up when Etna had its eruption." Gladys—I am sure her name was Gladys—giggled. "You *do* say such things, George," said she. Then a party of Germans came in. Mr. German was fair and fat and wore the usual gold-rimmed spectacles. Mrs. German had thought, from her costume, that the Louvre was somewhere in the Tyrol. And I am still wondering what Venus told the other statues about the clothes which Mrs. German wore. She must have been interested in the four safety-pins which hunched that green skirt up behind, and the little felt hat with the feather in it perched rakishly on an elderly head with gold pince-nez amused even me.

A party of Cook's tourists came in next. One half of the party was American, the other half from London—*et comment!* The ladies of the American portion held forth in this wise: "Why, say! It is the work of a school which was contempor-Ary with the schools of Praxiteles and Scopas, fourth century B.C. My! that's before Washington day, that is." Another lady with another Baedeker read on aloud about poor Venus in the curiously aggressive tone the tourist adopts when he or she holds the guide-book, as though he or she is really responsible for the exhibit. But she came to "Nike," which she pronounced to rhyme with the abbreviated form of bicycle. A gentleman friend of hers took a half-chewed cigar out of his mouth, and, after the usual ceremony, he spoke. "Misprint for Mike, I guess," he said. On my way out I met George and Gladys again. They were talking about the Samothrace Victory. "Wonder why it has its wings all fluttering like that," said Gladys. "'Cos she lost her head, I expect, dear," said George. And I heard Gladys giggle, and say, "George, you *do* say such things!" I shan't go to the Louvre again until the winter, when there are no cheap trips about.

'Twixt the Spokes

AN ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHIC IMPRESSION AT THE SEASIDE

Our Pampered Pioneers: All the

The Bitter Creek Grill-room: An Enterprising Irishman, apparently of the name of Stewart, has Opened a Grill and Bakery

Prospectors Arriving at Stewart: Local Brougham may be Seen on the Left

Bitter Creek: A Prospector's Camp

The avenue is a little overgrown, but the gallant pioneers will soon alter that

The First Church in Bitter Creek

Scotland, as usual, arrives first with the Bible, though it is not known whether the minister is "Wee" or "Free"

Bitter Creek: The Two Miles of Mud which Separate the Landing-stage and Stewart

A year ago Stewart, British Columbia, was unknown save to a few prospectors and men interested in the district. There were hardly twenty men in the camp. Now in the camp and district there are over three thousand people, most being employed in mining. The first reports as to the richness of the streak were greatly exaggerated. There is plenty of good payable grade copper and gold and silver, but it is impossible to say even yet whether the proposition will be a paying one. Certain companies, however, are doing very well. The "mad rush" of which the

ome Comforts of Gold Prospecting

Pack Horses on the Way to Bitter Creek

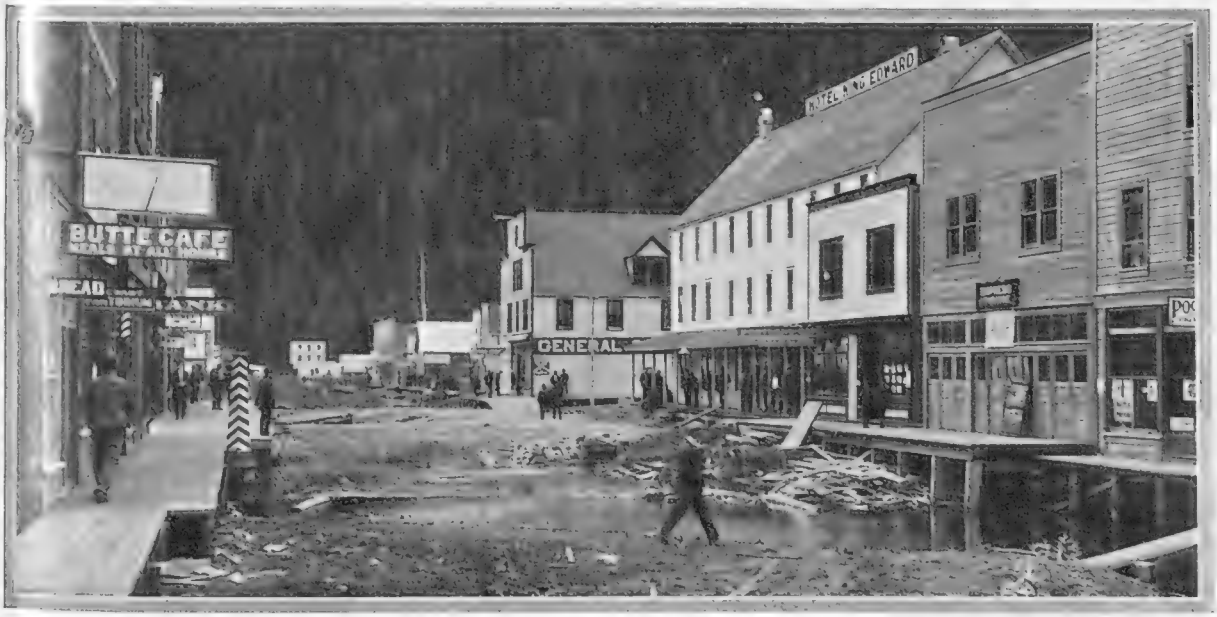
The animals, apparently bitten with the all-prevailing craze for gold, seem to have made their way to Bitter Creek riderless and unled

l al Char-a-banc on the Way to the Head of Bitter Creek

road appears to be "up," but this only reflects credit the industry and zeal for reform of the Bitter Creek municipal authorities

A Novel Letter-Box

Letters are placed on the twigs and collected later. Occasionally the local fauna consume the correspondence, but this is all taken as part of the day's work by the Bitter Creek optimists



The Town of Bitter Creek, showing Bank, Theatre, and Hotels

newspapers spoke in June never really took place. A more orderly and respectable mining camp it would be impossible to imagine, Its two policemen sit and smoke and enjoy sunbaths all day. The reader's attention is drawn to the comparative comfort enjoyed by the prospectors. The hotels appear quite luxurious, and there is even an "Empress Theatre." What would Bret Harte think of it all? There may be gambling saloons, where desperadoes play poker with their bowie knives on the table, but the pictures do not reveal them

The Camera in Arcady

Photograph — *Percy G. R. Wright*

THE SHORE ROAD, MERSEA ISLAND

Mersea Island is one of the few East Coast districts which have managed to escape conversion into popular resorts. It will probably surprise Londoners to know that so picturesque a spot lies so near and yet so little known. It is easily reached viâ Colchester

The Camera in Arcady

Photograph *Percy G. R. Wright*

MONTREUIL—A PUZZLE FOR MOTORISTS

The cobbled streets of Montreuil, a fortified city in Northern France, would puzzle many a motorist. This charming old town is only a few miles from Boulogne, and is a perfect specimen of a mediæval town

Salvation & Smoke

By VIVIAN CARTER

Illustrated by Thomas Maybank

He smoked in bed

WHETHER Simon Lummerick's illness (pneumonia) would have taken a critical turn had he not been the desperate smoker he was is a medical point I have never been able to decide. This, however, I do know: had he been otherwise than that, he would certainly never have made the miraculous recovery he did. He, himself, goes further still, and insists that he would never have contracted the illness at all had he not, on one occasion, been so faithless to his first principles as to stop smoking for one whole hour. Had he only kept to his lifelong rule never to enter any kind of building in which smoking was prohibited, the thing that brought him to death's door would never have happened.

Hitherto he had contrived that never, save in his sleep, had he been so situated as to be unable to smoke. Where he worked, he smoked; likewise where he ate, drank, travelled, walked, golfed, boated, swam, and otherwise entertained himself. He was never seen on earth, above it or below it, upon or in the waters, without a pipe or cigarette or cigar in his mouth. He smoked in bed, while he shaved and dressed, while he breakfasted, as he travelled to town by train and 'bus, as he worked, as he lunched, as he did every human thing. He never sat, either still or in motion, where smoking was forbidden. Smoking affected his entire outlook upon life, the whole flavour of his intellect, and, incidentally, of his morals. Never, of course, entering a theatre or the opera, his tastes in entertainment were limited to the music-halls, as a consequence of which he acquired a vulgarity of expression not really inherent in him. This, however, he mitigated to some extent by acquiring a smattering of knowledge of the noisier kinds of "good" music from a frequentation of the Promenade Concerts, where one is more or less expected to help the realism of the orchestral effects by enveloping the band and its conductor in clouds of smoke. Art of other kinds, and also antiquities, he ignored altogether, for in galleries and museums the smoker is prohibited.

Women he shunned

At Salvation gatherings he smoked as near to glory as regard for the decencies permitted

Women he shunned. He chivalrously realised that no progress whatever could be made in a true love affair by a man whose lips, by their preoccupation upon the pipe, were valueless for caresses, or even for plausible flatteries. And he wisely saw that no really good wife—he would not wish for any other kind—could possibly tolerate a man so wedded to the weed. He never, therefore, entered any of the places where one would "contact" social equals of the opposite sex, and he was too particular to care for others. He did not, therefore, go to church, and that is the crux of this story. Save once—in Holland, where they are powerless to prevent smoking inside sacred edifices—he had not entered a place of worship since

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the third Sunday after his confirmation, and his neglect of religious forms was, perhaps, the only serious strain to which his conscience ever subjected him.

At about the twentieth pipe, the sky grew ominously overcast

To make up for it, he would often linger on the outskirts of religious meetings in the parks and at street corners. At Salvationist gatherings he smoked as near to glory as regard for the decencies permitted. For the man was seriously vexed about his soul. His mind lacked that protection against gusts of emotion which is afforded by artistic culture, and he was as unduly susceptible to the appeal of the noisier kinds of religion as to the noisier kinds of music—in fact, to noisiness of all kinds. The man who, knowing nothing of genuine drama, would slobber over the Scrooge of Seymour Hicks at the Coliseum, and who would be carried away by the Overture "1812" of Tschaikowsky, is good raw material for the emotional orator, whether religious or political. Had Messrs. Torrey-Alexander or Mr. Lloyd George only conducted their respective campaigns out of doors, or indoors where smoking was permitted, Simon would have been as "saved," spiritually and politically, as either could have desired. As it was, thanks to the slight onslaughts made upon him at the street and park meetings, he was as nearly a Nonconformist as a human chimney could become nearly anything. He was predisposed and sympathetic, and here we come to the cause of his fateful illness.

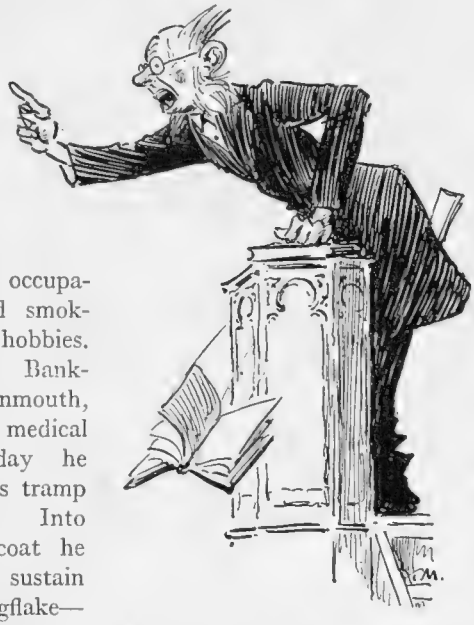
Walking, as one of the occupations which allowed unlimited smoking, was among his best-loved hobbies. He had come down one Bank-Holiday week-end to Monmouth, where I was then in general medical practice, and on the Sunday he started out for an ambitious tramp across the neighbouring hills. Into the pocket of his light overcoat he packed the wherewithal to sustain life—six ounces of Cruft's Dogflake—and he walked, and walked, and walked. Noon passed, and between the tenth and the eleventh pipe he beered and sandwiched at an inn. Then he walked on. At about the twentieth pipe—it is simpler to reckon thus than by mere mileage—the sky grew ominously overcast, and before he had reached the twenty-first, big raindrops had begun to fall upon him. As hard as he could puff, he made for the shelter of the next village, to find, however, that, thanks to recent activity on the part of the authorities, it now lacked any kind of inn. It rained harder and harder, and it occurred to him that it might, if it continued, become a grave question whether he could keep his pipe alight. At last he decided that he must surrender, and slipping it into the overcoat pocket with the remaining two ounces of flake, he made for the only available shelter—as luck would have it, that of a Baptist chapel, the afternoon service of which was in full fervent blast.

His coat had disappeared. A good coat, too, and one that contained his pipe

Feeling considerately that to enter the crowded chapel in his soaking overcoat would be thoughtless and a little un-Christian, he hung it, rather rashly—for he forgot that he was in Wales—on a nail in the chapel porch, and entered.

He enjoyed the hymns, one of which was "A Day's March Nearer Home," as much as the absence of a pipe would permit him, and settled down to be seriously affected by the sermon, the keynote of which was renunciation of fleshly joys.

"Whatever is of earth, is not of God," roared the pastor. "If any one of you here have a craving for anything"—the speaker paused—"for *anything*," he repeated, "let him renounce it this day—here—now. Let him stand up at this very moment. . . . For, as surely as he continue to be the servant of such a thing, he can never be the servant of God, and enter into His glory—nay, no more than could the young man of the great possessions."



"If anyone of you here have a craving for anything, let him renounce it here—now. Let him stand up at this very moment"

Simon trembled and shuddered. Guiltily he thought of himself, and of the contents of the overcoat in the porch (which, by the way, he hoped were safe). . . . One day, he reasoned to himself, he would really have seriously to consider whether he ought not to abandon, or, at all events, considerably to modify, his consumption of tobacco. He would not stand up at that moment, of course, but, on his way back to Monmouth, he would, over a pipe or twelve, seriously turn the matter over in his mind.

After the sermon and its attendant hymn ("Shall We Gather." etc.), he made as to move out, but the

eagerness on the same intent—and the greater agility—of the rest of the congregation kept him well at the rear. As it continued to rain heavily, he did not begrudge the time occupied. On the contrary, he remained yet a little longer, for the organist was playing a loud and blatant march of which he was rather fond.

He grew wetter and wetter, and, incidentally, wickeder. Had he his pipe only for one moment——

When he did reach the door, an amazing, a terrible thing had happened — his coat (it was, as before stated, Wales) had disappeared. Stolen — and from Christian precincts! A good coat, too, and one that contained his pipe, and also tobacco sufficient to take him safely back to Monmouth.

Blank despair crept into his heart. The renunciation the pastor in the pulpit had implored him to make voluntarily had been made compulsory upon him. Perhaps the Supreme Power, acting through the medium of a thief, had purposely created this effect? Out of the pastor he got little satisfaction. That worthy, a bald, whiskered, and spectacled zealot, expressed his regret, and suggested forthwith a prayer for the soul of the erring sheep who, in doing his evil work, had evidently forgotten that it was Sunday, and that the place was a sacred one.

When Simon protested that he also hoped that Providence would see fit to return to him his coat and its contents, the black one merely replied:

"Ah, my friend, what is one coat as compared with a man's whole soul?" Inquiry as to the address of the local constable brought the reply that so good a member of the congregation as Mr. Ap-Jones would certainly not undertake any business until the morrow.

Realising that by further conversation he was likely to gain neither consolation nor his coat, nor even—most important of all—a single pipe of tobacco, Simon sorrowfully left the chapel, turned up his jacket collar, and proceeded to walk back to Monmouth.

That walk was, I venture, with due modesty, to suggest, one of the classic walks of the history of mankind. My pen rather splutters at the prospect of attempting to do it justice. As Simon started out, two widely contrasted cravings struggled for mastery within him—the one for salvation, the other for smoke. For many miles the former had sway. The chastening influence of the cold and rain gave him an exalted sense of penance. Then physical discomfort, and the apparent hopelessness of a lifting of the waters, gradually lowered him. Slowly he dropped down, down, down. He grew wetter and wetter, and, incidentally, wickeder. Had he his pipe only for one moment, the curses which came up from his heart would have stopped in his breast. But his mouth being pipeless, they found no restraint. Out they rolled—great big, ugly, profane words; oaths, verbs of condemnation, nouns of opprobrium, adjectives of contumely, interjections of rage.

By the time, quite saturated to the skin, he almost fell into the hotel, he was not merely on the way to death, but also to damnation, for his allusions to the place of the latter were lurid enough to qualify him for immediate admission. When, next morning, I was called in, I found a case of pneumonia. But I had little hope of a cure, owing partly, as said before, to the deplorable condition of the heart resultant upon excessive smoking, and also because of the utter apparent apathy of the patient, who, almost delirious, appeared not to have the slightest desire to recover.

"Hell—hell!" he raved, "that's where I'll go. Heaven no good for such as me. Damned, that's what I am. And who cares? Not I!"

All through the day, his temperature mounting higher and higher, he continued to ring the changes on this theme. At last, I entered his room to find him sleeping peacefully. I watched his face for awhile, and it seemed to be happy. Then, suddenly, the expression changed. The jaw dropped, and the eyes opened, revealing a look of fear and horror.

I took his hand.

"Now, now, what is it? What is it?" I asked kindly.

"Oh, awful, awful! A dream, an awful dream. Doctor, save me. Save me"—attempting to raise himself, and with eager vitality in his eyes—"I must live. *I must live!*"

"There, now," I said, "that's excellent. That's what I've been waiting for all the time. If you'll only pull yourself together, you know, Nature will do the rest."

"A dream, an awful dream, Doctor, save me. I MUST LIVE!"

Well, he pulled through, as over and over again is the case, if the patient will only help himself. And the thing that suddenly induced the man to do this was that very inordinate love of the

(Continued on page 450)

Famous Cricketers: No 7

MR. E. W. DILLON, THE KENT SKIPPER: A SKETCH BY THORPE

This is Mr. Dillon's second season as captain of the Kent team, and he inherits all those sportsmanlike qualities that are always associated with Kentish cricket. So far this year he has scarcely shown his true form as a batsman. Mr. Dillon is not yet thirty, so Kent may hope to count upon his assistance for many years to come. He makes a first-rate skipper, and has cause to be proud of the fact that Kent have, under his captaincy, again won the County Championship this year

(Continued from page 448)

pipe which had caused the aggravation of the critical symptoms. The dream which he related to me had followed immediately upon a realisation of the hopelessness of his chances of gaining salvation. Prepared, unresistingly, for its converse, his dream had taken him to the nether regions.

Descending deep and deep (in a wild rainstorm) he had at last reached the infernal level. Awaiting him was the Evil One.

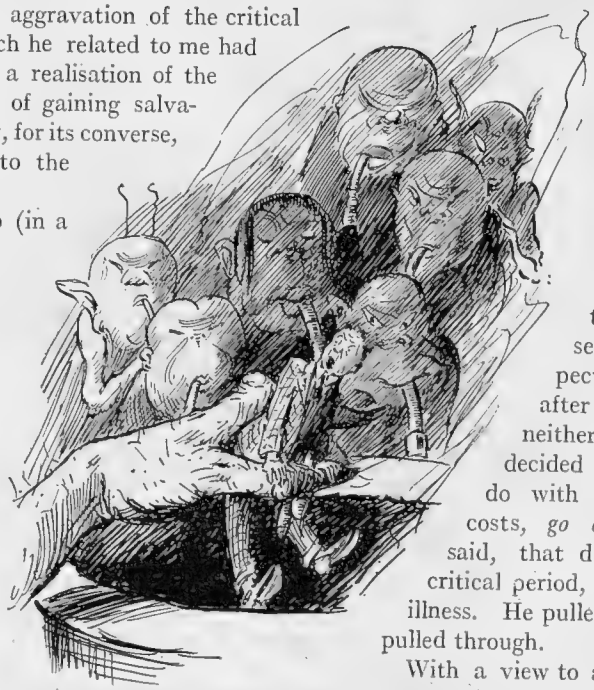
"Take that pipe out of your mouth," he had said to Simon.

"What?" the latter had exclaimed. "But surely you don't object to smoke down *here?*"

"Not at all, not at all. . . . But it is *we*, and not you, who smoke."

"But what do you smoke?" The answer was in action only.

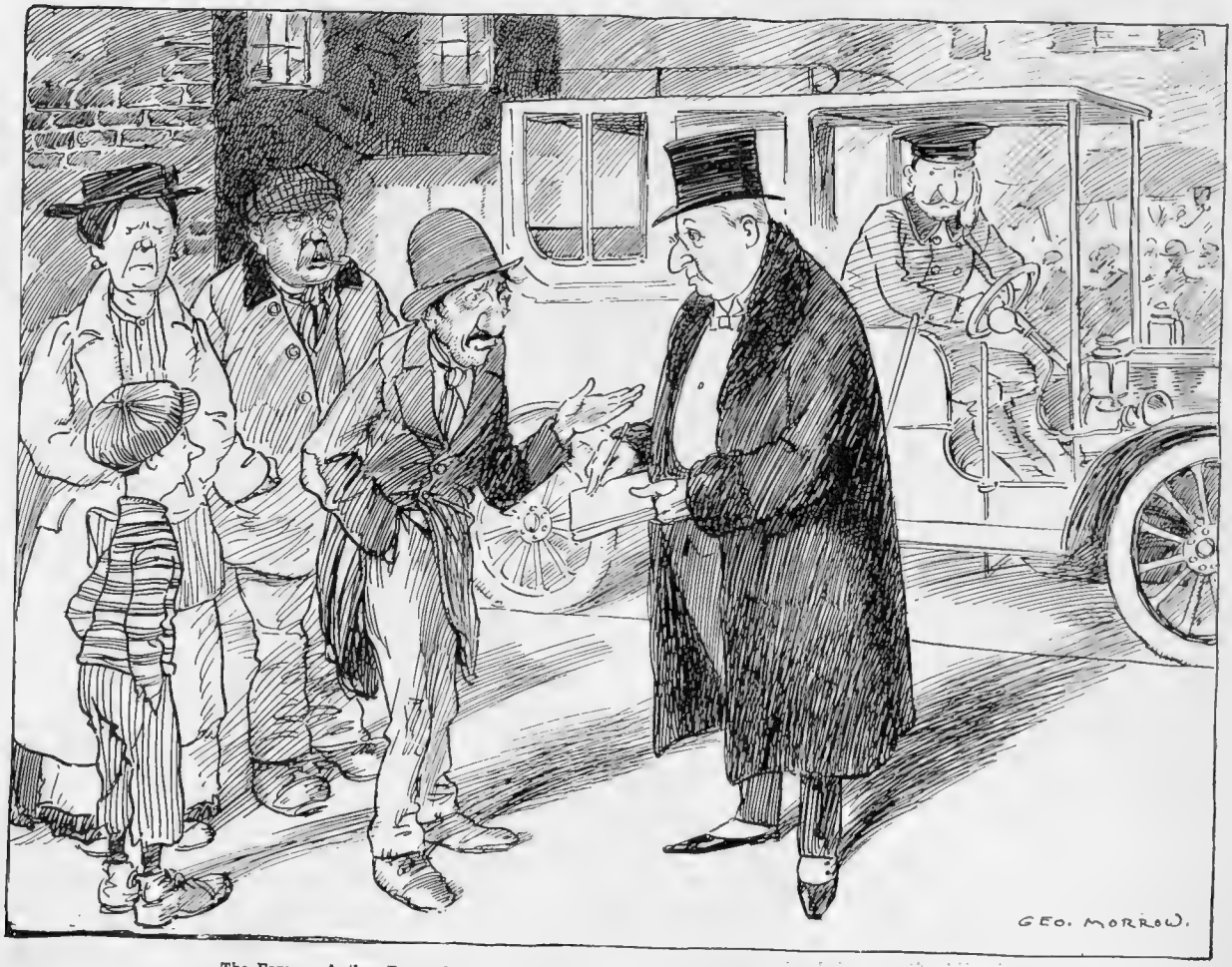
In front of him lay yawning a deep cavern, which he recognised to be the bowl of a gigantic pipe. From behind there gripped him by the waist seven pairs of sharp, hairy claws, and he was just about to be stuffed down into the bowl, and set alight by a flaming torch, and smoked eternally by the mouths of seven supercilious-looking devils, when—he awoke. Then and then alone did he decide that he wished to go on living. He had seen that the immediate prospects of the inveterate smoker after death were promising at neither end of the scale, and he decided to have nothing further to do with either. He must, at all costs, *go on living*, and, as I have said, that determination, taken at the critical period, was the turning-point of his illness. He pulled himself together, and he pulled through.



Stuffed down into the bowl, and smoked eternally by seven supercilious-looking devils

With a view to assisting his chances of protracted life, he has undertaken never to smoke more than twenty pipes—or their equivalent in cigars and cigarettes—daily, and when next he finds himself getting wet he will be very careful indeed where he takes shelter. VIVIAN CARTER.

THE PURSUIT OF THE REAL



The Famous Author Descends into the Slums in Pursuit of Material for his New Work of Fiction

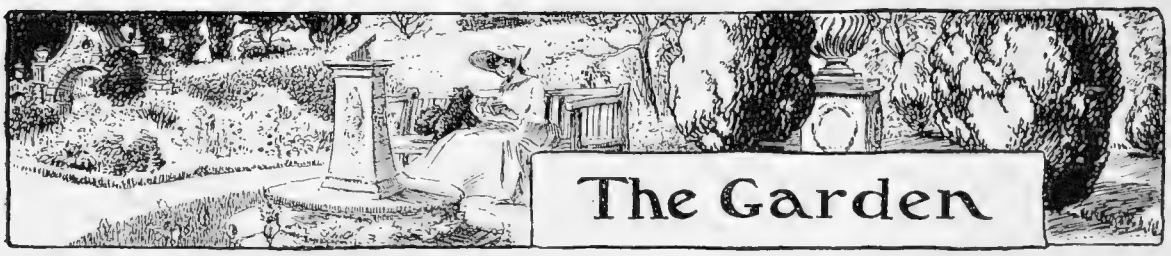
BY GEORGE MORROW

The Favourite Grandchild

Photograph *Mrs. C. A. Barton*

"Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth!"

—LONGFELLOW



Roses and Mildew

It is long since mildew has been so persistent among roses as it has this year. There are two forms of this fungoid disease, the summer and the autumn, the latter considered by far the more virulent. In the present attack, however, there has been no interval between them, with the result that some varieties have been seriously disfigured, if not permanently injured. In the case of dwarfs it has been possible to stay the progress of the disease by spraying with a fungicide such as a solution of liver of sulphur with a little soft soap added as an adhesive ; but in the case of large, dense bushes of climbers, such as Dorothy Perkins and Crimson Rambler, varieties which seem to be particularly susceptible, spraying has little effect, for the liquid does not reach all the leaves. There is, however, nothing to be done but to keep on spraying, changing the standpoint frequently so as to expose different parts of the plants. The ripe spores are scattered about in millions by every movement of the shoots, and each, when it settles on a leaf suitable for its development, becomes a fresh centre of infection. There is only one way to stop the spread of the disease—to kill the spores by means of a fungicide before or immediately after they are scattered.

Roses on Their Own Roots

The delicate teas are useless on their own roots—they are weak enough on the briar—but the majority of garden roses may be satisfactorily grown in this way. They flower quite as well as when budded or grafted, they live longer, and there is no trouble from suckers. Nor is their propagation a tedious or difficult process. Cuttings inserted now will have formed roots by next spring, and should be large enough to plant out in autumn for flowering the following summer. The cuttings should be partly ripened shoots of this year's growth, taken off, if possible, at its junction with older wood, which will make a firmer base. Plenty of such shoots can be obtained now by thinning the plants a little. There is no advantage in having them more than about six inches in length ; indeed, if they are much longer they will be likely to be shaken to the ground, which might be fatal. The lower leaves, any that would come in contact with the damp soil, should be removed, lest decay should start in them and spread. A shady position, such as under a north or east wall, should be chosen, and if the soil is heavy sand should be dropped into each hole. The ground should be made firm. Not all the cuttings will root, but a considerable percentage should do so.

H. C. Davidson.

Photograph *Tadman*

The Beautiful Rose Pergola at Blythwood, Lord Blyth's Essex Seat

"Bring Your Own Tent"

A THAMES ISLAND FOR WOULD-BE CITY CRUSOES

A Typical Homestead on Hamhaugh Island

Hamhaugh Island, near Weybridge, has a unique population of about a hundred inhabitants, principally City men, with, in some cases, their wives and families. Small plots of ground are rented, at a low price, from the owner of the island, and are surrounded by little ornamental railings. Each tenant brings his own tent for his use, either as a permanent summer residence or only as a week-end resort. The soil is excellent, water abundant, and keen interest is taken in the little gardens; rambler roses and sweet peas grow in profusion

Photographs *P. G. Tillard*

A Pretty View of Hamhaugh Island

Each tenant has a boat, and there is an unrivalled selection of waterways to explore; there are no fewer than three rivers (the Wey, Bourne, and Thames) with their tributaries and backwaters in the vicinity. There is excellent fishing and bathing. Hawkers and nuisances are not allowed on the island

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Modern Putting-Green

Lamentations are often raised nowadays, when two or three old golfers are gathered together, at the degeneration of the game since the introduction of the rubber-cored ball. I have no doubt that when the "gutty" ball was first invented and the feather ball had to give way to it similar growlings and mutterings went on. Indeed, it is a matter of historical record that Allan Robertson did his very best by all the means in his power to prevent the adoption of the then new-fangled and, in his eyes, abominable "gutty" ball. Did he not employ boys to pick up and bring him as many of the new balls as they could find in order that he might consign them to the fire? His famous quarrel with old Tom Morris arose entirely through the new ball, which Tom welcomed, and which he was anxious to make. It was on this account that he and Tom parted company, although Allan lived to play with and delight in the once-hated ball.

The Rubber-Cored Ball

History repeated itself when the rubber-cored ball came in, though, happily, we have no record of any quarrel between leading professionals about it. This may be due to the fact that with very few exceptions they were all dead against it. They actually attempted to bar it, while on the amateur side an abortive motion for its banning was moved at St. Andrews. The fires of this conflagration still flicker, though in a somewhat fitful and feeble manner. Having been defeated by the all-conquering invader, its enemies have nothing left to them except abuse and condemnation, generally taking the form of the vague assertion that "the game is not what it was." Some, led on by a gay and insouciant golfing journalist, are hankering after that veritable will-o'-the-wisp, the standardisation of the present ball. It was my amused privilege not long ago to see this eminent and admirable wielder of pen and club in the midst of a conclave of the leaders of the professional ranks in animated discourse with them over the possibilities of this fascinating but impracticable topic.

Mr. G. H. Peacock

Who won the scratch prize at the Open Amateur Meeting of the Ipswich Golf Club with a score of 80

Insuperable Difficulties

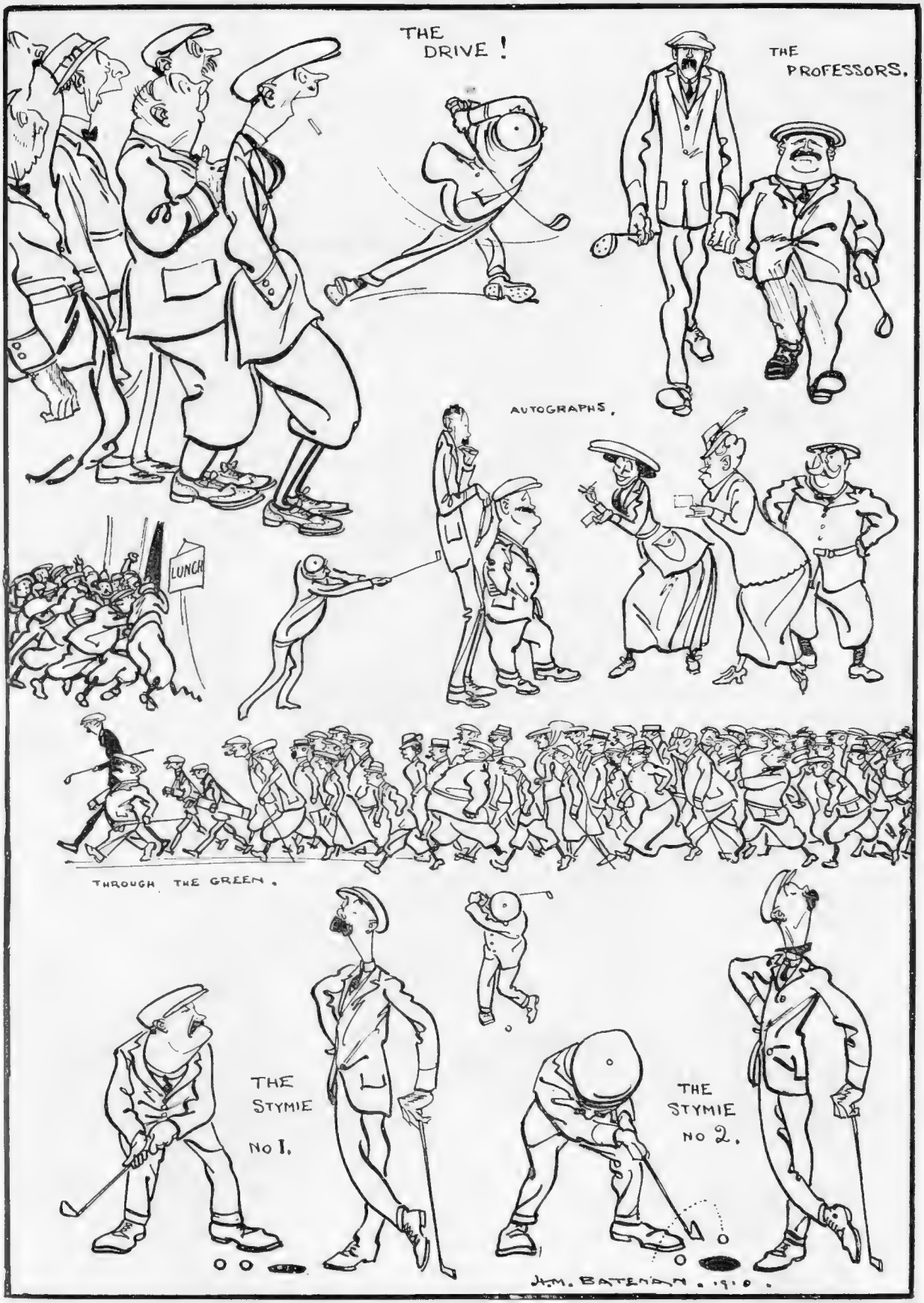
Undaunted by the bristling and, to my mind, insuperable difficulties of the task, some were gaily declaring that the thing could be done, and were apparently longing for the glad day when every ball would be examined and passed by a central board of inspection, without whose brand or mark on the ball no ball would be able to be used legitimately in any competition. The standardisation of the golf club, which has raised so much discussion and "animus," is a mere fool to this other project. I only mention it to show to what lengths some of the leading spirits of modern golf are prepared to go in order to enforce their ideas of orthodoxy. Possibly at some future date another monument will have to be placed near that of the present martyr's at St. Andrews to commemorate those who refused to bow the knee to the new dispensation.

Sheer Waste of Time

But it seems to me that all these meddlings with the implements of the game are waste of good time. Where the game has lost its savour and fascination is not in that direction, but owing to the gigantic size of the modern putting-green. There we have the root of the evil, which levels good, bad, and indifferent play. If our legislators would turn their attention to this point they would do much to restore the game to its former condition, and give the good player his former superiority over his inferior adversary. It is in the approach game that the good player shows his powers. Nowadays anyone can scramble to some point of the vast green and shove his ball up to the hole with a putter. If the greens were reduced in size and were surrounded by trappy bunkers and rough grass the good approacher would get his due reward and the scuffler his merited punishment. Standardise the putting-green as to size, if you wish to improve the game, but leave the implements to develop according to the fancy of individual players.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

The Ecstasies of Golf



SKETCHES AT A MATCH BETWEEN TWO FAMOUS PROFESSIONALS

BY H. M. BATEMAN

The Preservation of the Partridge

By LEONARD WILLOUGHBY

Driving Partridges: The Most Delightful and the Severest Test of all Shooting

IT is very obvious that unless a speedy termination comes to the apologies for summers we are yearly experiencing the outlook, so far as partridges are concerned, will be most serious. Already we have had several of the worst breeding seasons imaginable, and in many places stocks have steadily diminished instead of increased. In those parts of England where the partridge most does thrive, owners, mindful of their stocks, practically refrained from shooting last season, hoping that this year might once again see their depleted stock fully restored. Alas! their hopes will not be realised, for the summer has been a disastrously wet one, thousands upon thousands of nests and eggs having been destroyed, and young chicks drowned by the hundreds.

Presuming, therefore, that this season is again going to be as bad as possible, we shall find that those who persist in shooting partridges, despite the fact that there will be little or nothing to shoot—bar some old birds—will only tend still further to reduce their stocks till shoots are absolutely skinned. It is like living on one's capital, in fact. If then we should unhappily experience another bad breeding season next year, and it is quite within the possibility of things, one scarcely likes to contemplate what the effects will be on stocks generally. Perhaps, like the Dodo bird, the partridge will sooner or later become extinct in Great Britain. There are men who are blind to their own interests, and will shoot their estates as close down as they possibly can each year, trusting to luck to birds being there just the same as the seasons come round. There are syndicates which rent shoots and which may take them for a single season only. These have paid a good rental, and they intend in return to shoot every bird on the place—if they can—knowing full well that next year they will not be the tenants of the shoot. Such estates, unless restrictions as to the number of birds to be shot are made, will doubtless suffer horribly. What, then, is to be done?

We can put no reliance on our seasons nowadays. Yet we do absolutely nothing—nothing to help the partridge over the difficulties of sustaining her species. We do a good deal for the pheasant, but why not for the partridge? Is the partridge inferior to the pheasant, either to shoot or for the table? It is incomprehensible that a bird like the partridge, the gamest of all birds, and one which gives such magnificent sport, should be left to take its chance. The birds must be reared by artificial means in the same way as we rear pheasants. Either the parent birds must be caught up and kept in pens, where they can lay, hatch, and rear their young; or the eggs must be collected from nests in hedges, fields, and woods, and incubated or hatched by foster-mothers. Shelter must be found for the youngsters until they are old enough to withstand the terrible storms and wet which are now our portion. It is done in a few places as it is, and these are systems which have been tried with great success. There are others which have proved a total failure, for every system does not suit every place. The sooner, however, owners seriously turn their attention to adopting some system of preservation the better it will be for their stocks.

The Old Fashion of Walking-up Partridges: Some Excellent Rough Cover for Birds

The Capital of Poppyland

SKETCHES AT CROMER BY R. G. MATHEWS

Cromer is now a busy, bustling little town, and where once the poppy grew unchecked are now many hotels and boarding-houses. There are some delightful excursions to be enjoyed from this most healthy watering-place, and its enormous increase in popularity is easily understood. The Great Eastern Railway serves the district admirably, the Norfolk Coast expresses having become quite famous

Current Cricket and Lawn Tennis

The End of the Season—

We stand at rather a parting of the ways. For cricket comes to its official close to-day, and in spite of the fact that summer seems only just to have got into its stride we are thus prematurely projected into thoughts of cool weather sports. Not football yet awhile, though. I believe there are some hired people for whom September 1 literally opens the football season, and who start their mercenary evolutions all swinking and sweating in a tropic sun. But with these, fortunately, the readers of THE BYSTANDER have little, if anything, to do.

—And Its Chief Heroes

One cannot tuck the cricket season of 1910 into its little cot without a pat or two of commendation and approval. As I remarked last week, it has been a singularly sporting year, especially considering the shocking way in which the weather got off the mark, though the last lap has been distinctly better. And by a natural sequence one cannot leave it without a word of allusion to Kent, the champions, and Surrey, their victors of last week. Both these counties have done remarkably well, and done it in a singularly sporting way. That is no new thing for Kent, and it is a real pleasure to be able to couple with the toast the name of Surrey, who "played the game," if not quite so much in the limelight, no less gallantly than their more successful rivals—perhaps one might add fortunate, for Kent certainly had the—winner's—own luck in some of their matches. Undoubtedly the Devil, which is this year's synonym for the weather, helps the foremost. It was a good wind up for the season that these two counties should have met at the Oval last week, and this "curtain" certainly provided some capital play, in which Maurice Bird had a very good streak, and F. H. Knott, the infant phenomenon, added yet one more to his string of successes.

F. H. Knott

The Tonbridge schoolboy, who has been playing for Kent in recent matches, and has been scoring consistently and well. In the Kent *v.* Surrey match last week he made a very useful 47 in the first innings, though his assistance did not avail to save the champions from defeat

The Davis Cup Fiasco

The fiasco of the Davis Cup has now become a certainty. When the moderate quality of our "selected" team—which means the best we could scrape up when others couldn't or wouldn't play—was made known, there was some speculation as to how the Australasian Association would regard the matter, seeing that the safety of their guarantee depended considerably on the "gate" that would be drawn. Doubts were soon resolved into certainty by the withdrawal by Australasia of the guarantee, undoubtedly on the ground that our representatives would not prove a big enough attraction. There was still left shares in gate-money and in the profits of a proposed tour afterwards, but the L.T.A. had reckoned up the expenses and were not taking any. So, at the time of writing, there seemed every probability of there being no Davis Cup meeting at all, unless the Americans at the last moment should come up to the scratch—no meeting, anyway, that concerned us.

Achilles in His Tent

Now this is not the sort of way things should be allowed to happen. The Davis Cup Competition may not be worth the candle; it may have certain inherent defects which destroy its value as a true test of international merit. That is an arguable point. But while we continue to acknowledge its position as a great world-contest, we ought to be able to command the services of a team that will be in no danger of such a humiliating repudiation as that now exercised. To assign the blame is an invidious process, but one cannot help noticing that in the first list of Davis Cup nominations, which included the brothers Doherty, A. W. Gore, M. J. G. Ritchie, and H. Roper Barrett, there were certain players who are not only a long way above our *pis aller* team, but have the means and the leisure for a visit to the Antipodes in a national cause.

Miss Alsie Aykroyd

Of Boston, U.S.A., who took part in the *Weekly Dispatch* Swim through London. Stage-fright prevented her doing herself justice in this great contest, but she has given Englishmen a taste of her mettle at the sport since then

The Point of Weakness

Of course, this guarantee business is the *crux* of the matter; but for that we should not have had so frank, though polite, an intimation as to the estimate placed on our team. And that the need for a guarantee should arise is one of the main weaknesses of the whole Davis Cup idea. The fact is that far too heavy a balance of advantage is laid on the side of the Cup-holding country by the condition which gives it the choice of *venue* for the competition. The result is to throw a strain upon the resources of the challengers which, in a poor man's game like lawn tennis, is clearly against public policy.

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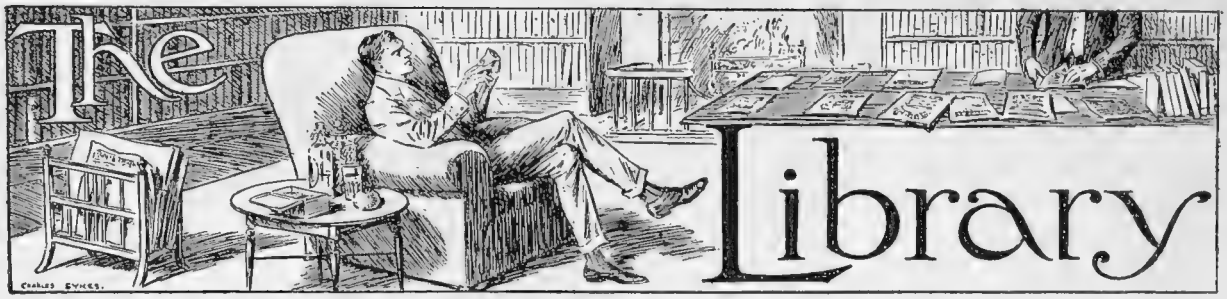


"The Adventures of a Runaway Bride"

The author of *The Minister's Guest* has just produced this pretty little extravaganza, for that is all one can call the work (John Ouseley: 6*s.*). When it is mentioned that the dear little heroine, Susannah, with whom all must have sympathy, found it advisable, at the mature age of nineteen, to go through the marriage ceremony for the third time, the phrase will be understood. Mrs. Smith's works are well known, and this one is no less charming than her former books. It contains a skeleton plot, carefully hidden, but its real value is in the lightness with which it is written. The author has an aptitude for transposing proverbs and quotations to fit the moment, and she certainly has made full play of this faculty in the present novel. Altogether it is a readable and amusing book, and is well produced.

"Letters to a Salmon-Fisher's Sons"

Whisht! And one hears the cry of the line as it cuts the wind and the "plop" as the heavy salmon-fly hits the water. Then there are the screech of the reel and the boiling and bubbling and strenuous tugging, and all the joys of the fight with the King of Fish come before one's mind. Old memories return, old fights are fought again, and in the quiet of the study the joy of conquest or loss is revived. Such is the book which Mr. A. H. Chaytor has written (John Murray: 9*s.*). It is a book of beauty. A little work, though in portly form, embodying all the wisdom of the old salmon-fisher, and containing many most useful hints. It is more. It is a book which teaches the young fisherman to see that his pleasure lies not only in capturing fish, but in appreciating the country through which he passes, in noting the times and seasons, and, in fact, in making himself a naturalist.

"The Unwedded Bride"

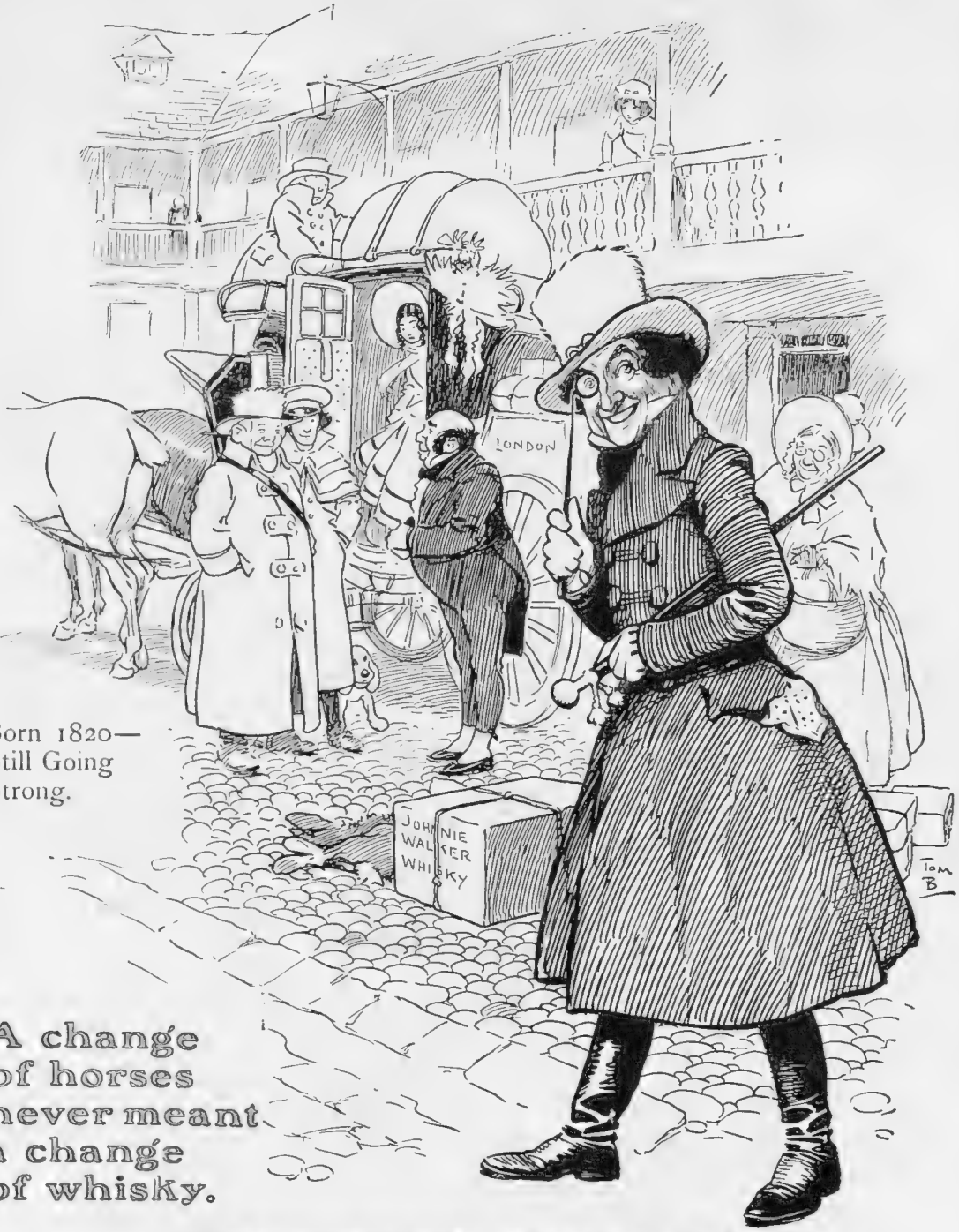
Mr. Cullen has produced in this work a first-class historical novel which has the great advantage of combining accuracy and vivacity (John Long: 6*s.*). Most novels dealing with our history read rather like school-books. This does not. Here we have the story of the fall of the first of the loves of Mary Queen of Scots, and of the disgraceful behaviour of one of the Gordons. The author seems to have made a special study of this period of history, and much of his matter will be new to the average reader. As a portrayer of character Mr. Cullen is excellent. He makes his characters live, and one feels for the over-proud Baillie, for the distraught Lady Baillie, and for the poor daughter whose love for Gordon brings about all the trouble. At the same time, remembering the trace of original sin in all of us, one can understand, but not admire, Gordon's bold bid for the place of Prince Consort. This is quite a good book, and Mr. Cullen should be proud of his handiwork.

"That Kind of Love"

Mr. J. A. Sidon has given us a rather amusing little story of a young lady who thinks that she can make all the world fall at her feet (The Century Press: 6*s.*). She encounters a callous Swiss, who has a flame in one of the mountain villages in the Italian quarter of the tiny Republic, but to whom he is not formally betrothed. The Swiss gallant is a phlegmatic individual, but, like most of his kind, deeply imbued with the desire for his one and only, and for no one else. The wiles of the British maid, getting *passée*, are clever, true, and—disgusting! That is about all the story, but such as there is of it, it is well written and quite entertaining. Still, it would be well if the example of Beatrice were not held up too much to the world, especially in these days of worldly young ladies with an eye to fortunes.

An Alpine Guide

"Can anything more be written about the Alps?" asks Mr. C. L. Freeston, F.R.G.S., in this, his latest book, *The High-Roads of the Alps* (Kegan Paul: 10*s.* 6*d.*). From a mountaineering or purely scenic point of view perhaps not, but Mr. Freeston has dealt with the subject from quite another aspect—the motoring side of the question. With seventeen years' touring experience of the passes and Alpine roads no one, perhaps, is more competent to write a good book on the Alps. No fewer than 160 itineraries are given, with minute and clearly stated details of gradients and bad corners on each of the passes dealt with. For some extraordinary reason most people when speaking of the Alps have in their mind Switzerland only, forgetting that that country can claim only quite a small proportion of them. Early in the volume Mr. Freeston takes the opportunity of correcting this idea, and illustrates his statement with a comprehensive map of the whole of the French, Swiss, Italian, Tyrolean, and Austrian Alps. From this drawing or chart the reader at once realises that less than one-third of the Alpine ranges lie in Swiss territory. The erroneous idea, too, that the gradients of the higher roads are impracticable to motorists owing to their severe gradients and impossible corners is dispelled in an early chapter. There are no fewer than 102 photographic illustrations in the book, which also contains about a dozen diagrams and fairly large pull-out maps of the different groups of passes. One very welcome feature of the illustrations is that each photograph faces the matter referring to it, unlike the illustrations in most books of this character. Until the appearance of this book no really practical guide to the Alps from a motoring standpoint has been obtainable. Altogether, Mr. Freeston is to be warmly congratulated on his latest work.



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RACING: The St. Leger. By CARBINE

Doncaster Prospects

It seems impossible to exhaust the interest of the St. Leger. Neil Gow goes hopelessly wrong, yet we still have Lemberg and Swynford. Maid of Corinth shows unmistakably that she is not now at her best, yet we still have Rosedrop. Greenback disappoints Lord Villiers and all his friends by his wretched display at York, yet his place as a formidable Doncaster candidate is ably occupied by Winkipop, who gathers new friends week by week. In addition there is a dangerous colt in Charles O'Malley, together with outsiders of possibilities like Bronzino and Cardinal Beaufort. Truly a remarkable race. And how will it end?

Can Swynford Win?

Will Swynford be able to win the last of the classics? Naturally, while he has been "coming on" the other horses have not been standing still. But it is reasonable to assume that a colt like Lemberg, who was at the top of his powers and thoroughly wound up in point of condition at Epsom, can hardly be much better now than he was on that memorable day. On the other hand, Swynford did not begin to show his real merit until more than half the season was over, and he has been advancing ever since. My present selection is **Swynford.** Hazardous as it may be to oppose the Manton stable, I recommend WINKIPOP for "win and place."

This Week's Racing

The chief race this week will be the Peveril of the Peak Plate at Derby on Friday, which **Senseless,** in spite of his having to concede weight to the best milers, should, I think, win. Best of the others I like Canonite. If Seaforth and Manwolf go for the Champion Breeders' Stakes on Wednesday it will be one of the most interesting two-year-old races of the season. I look for the success of **Manwolf.** The Devonshire Plate on Thursday may be won by **Buttery,** and on the same afternoon the Breeders' St. Leger should fall to the Netheravon stable. The week's racing finishes at Kempton Park on Saturday, where I fancy **Blind Justice** for the Breeders' Foal Plate.

"A TURF TOPIC."—We are hearing much of the horse just now; of the shortage in the Army where the four-footed warrior is still an essential, and of man's ingratitude to his worn-out friend. As long, however, as England breeds the racehorse there will be a section of the public who will uphold our equine traditions, and, moreover, treat the old and useless worker, let us say, in a sportsmanlike way. Those who patronise the horse in his sporting aspect will do well to consult Mr. D. M. Gant's new booklet. Mr. Gant is the well-known commission agent of 25, Conduit Street, W., and the pioneer of the "no limit" and "no commission" system. His admirably got-up booklet, "A Great Institution," gives, among other facts, a number of testimonials which go to prove that fair dealing, courtesy, and a clear, straightforward method of business have won for Mr. Gant his present successful position.

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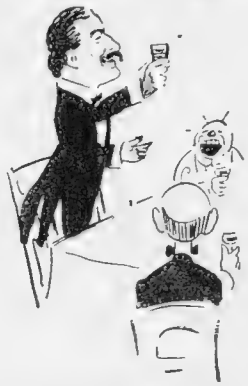

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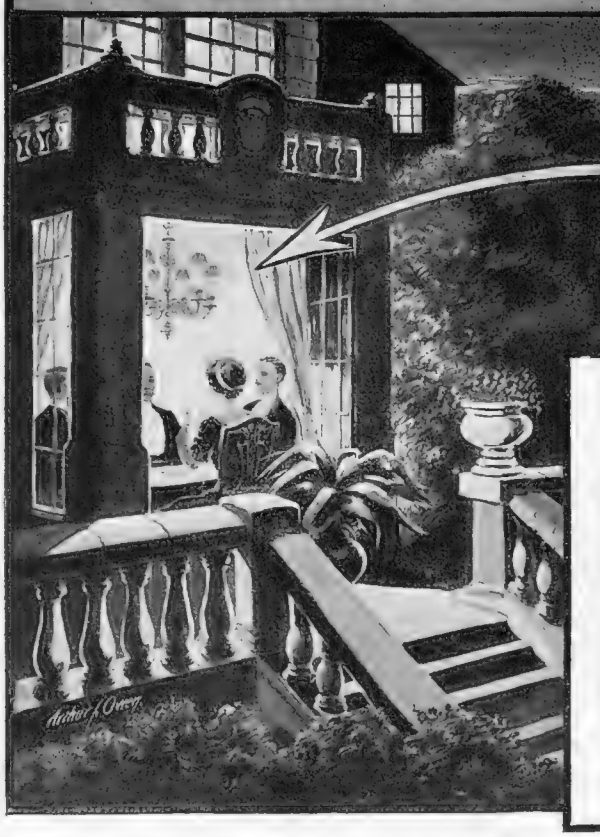

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Near the Summit of the San Lugano Pass. (The Langkofel Peaks are Seen in the Background)

On the Way to the Summit of the Stelvio Pass

Three of the many striking illustrations in Mr. Freeston's new book, "The High-Roads of the Alps," just published, and which is reviewed on page 460 of this issue. This interesting guide represents the sum of the author's seventeen years' touring experience of the Alps, and is the only really practical guide to that district, from a motoring point of view, in existence

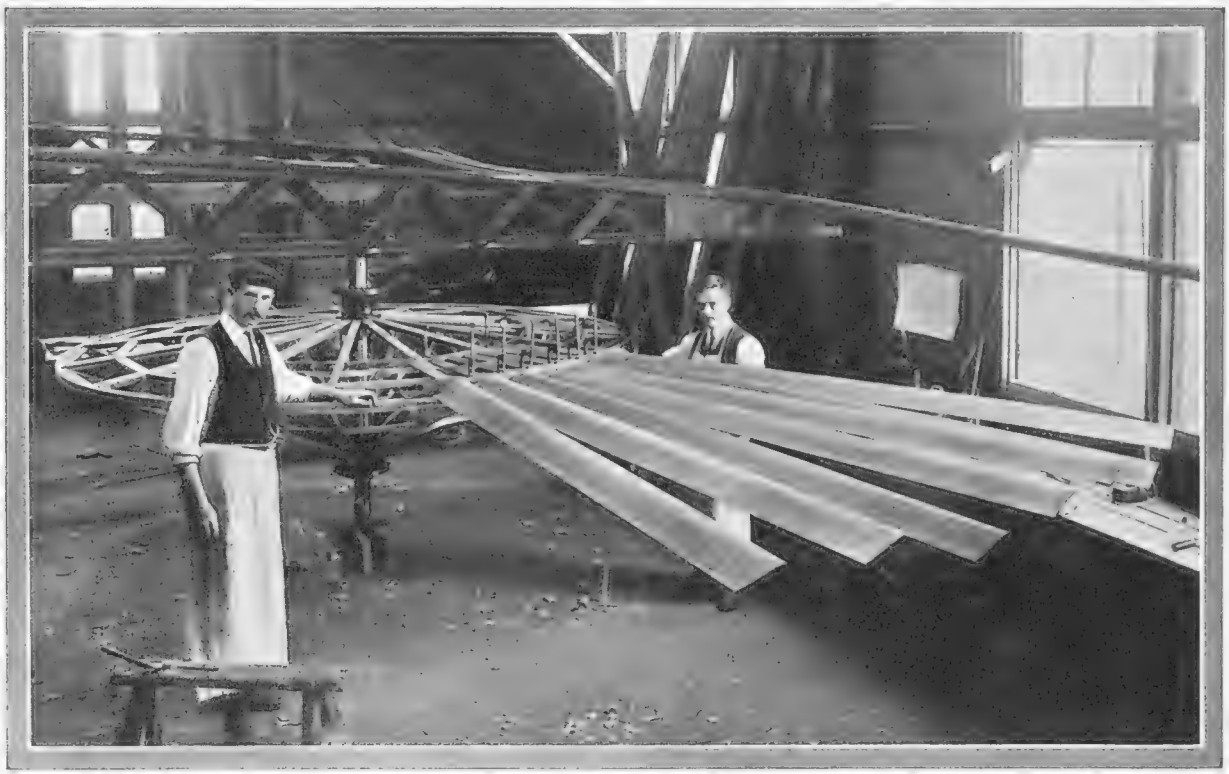
MOTORING BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

The Metropolitan Hiatus

This is the day when the motorist (in whatever element) is generally supposed to be suffering from a hopeless, horrible *ennui* that cannot be filliped even temporarily from him by the most gorgeously scintillating paragraph ever penned. London, by which some are given to judging the cosmic scheme, is empty, although a swift walk down Bond Street still offers difficulties, and for a little while in motoring, as in so many other metropolitan interests, we have, according to the quidnuncs, a hiatus. Let the quidnuncs have their case. There *is* little doing on the surface of town; but away at the heart of the motor industry the stir that is to make us an Olympia Show two months hence has already commenced.

Motor Dreadnoughts

The project (alleged) is to build another vessel of the Dreadnought type (one of the "We won't wait, we want eight" fighting craft, regarding which the populace sang so uproariously to the beat of the political *bâton* some time ago), but to try whether it cannot be made the most effective and speediest ship afloat by building into it a set of internal combustion engines. It is agreed that if it were possible to fit a plant properly proportioned to the requirements of our Leviathan, the result would give, in greater space below and freedom from deck hamper above, down the Crouch, and by the other delectable lands wherein his kind do most congregate when in home waters, you may find him drinking the cup of healthy pleasure dry.

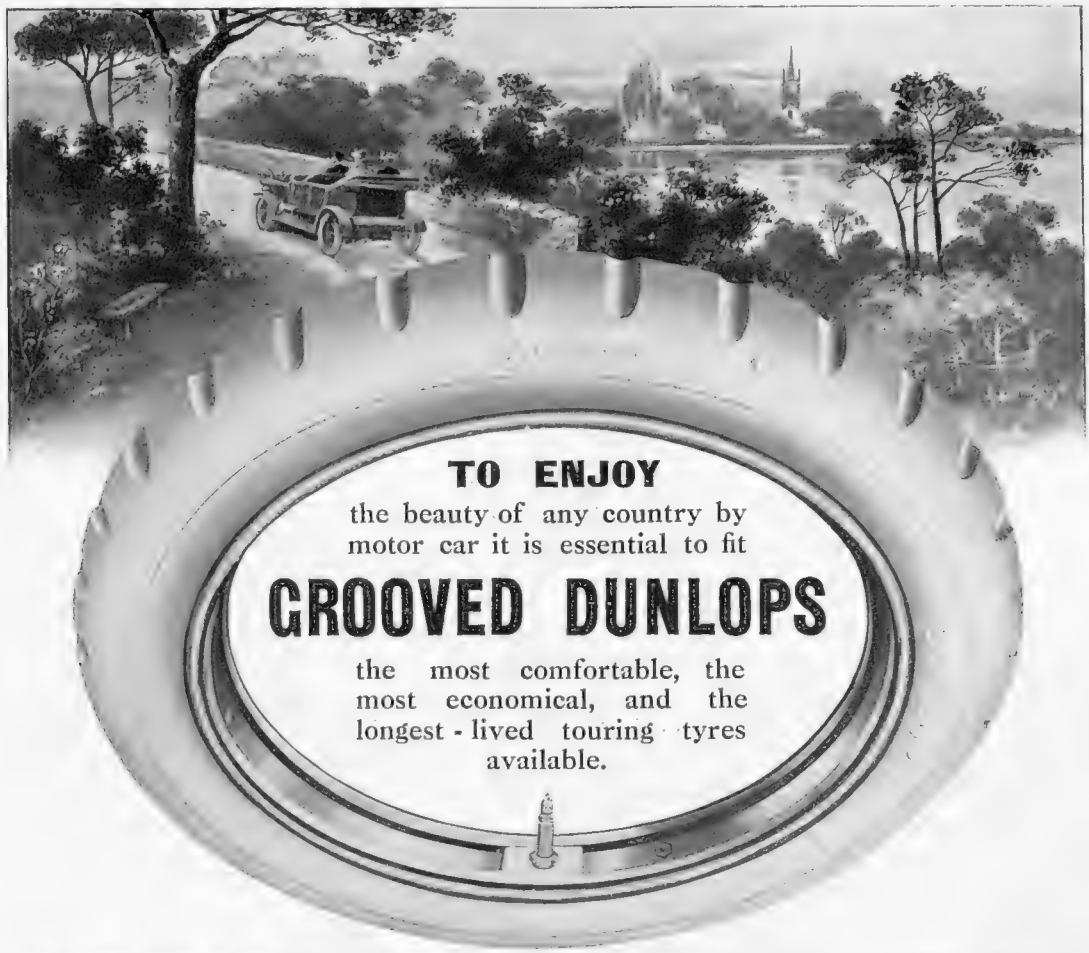


Gyropteral Equilibrium

By the adaptation of twin gyropters to his new flying machine, Mr. Davidson, the inventor, claims to have established not only absolute safety of balance (one of the principal stumbling-blocks of present-day aviation), but also the machinery for greatly augmented speed. Each gyropter contains sixty blades of 10ft. and sixty of 3ft. The machine when completed will weigh six tons, and is expected to lift ten tons. Illustration shows the long blades being fitted

In Holiday Humour

If the transference of the social whirl to other lands implied a suspension of the activity of the car and the closing down of car works, there would, indeed, be an aching void. Instead of which the car goes with the owner to the moors, to the Dublin Horse Show, to Marienbad, or wheresoever fancy or necessity may lead him to tour, as naturally as his bag of clothing, and is almost as indispensable. If we want the car to-day we must find it in holiday lands, where it is probably doing even better work than it did in Cockaigne. As for the marine-motorist, the winter of *his* discontent has been made glorious summer for quite a long time. All round the coast, up the Broads, an opportunity not only for the more effective use of guns, but for the housing of a larger number of guns of higher average calibre. Authority glooms somewhat around the possibility of such a development, and the economist is obviously unhappy concerning the cost of what must still be experiment. But although the most economical form of motor for such a purpose may still be to seek, the engineer is surely coming along with the solution. Already we have the Diesel two-stroke, an engine burning crude petroleum, and stated to be equal to considerably over 200 h.-p. per cylinder. Indeed, it has been specified during the last few weeks for an Atlantic liner of 9,000 tons calling for a 3,000 h.-p. engine—to such a high stage of



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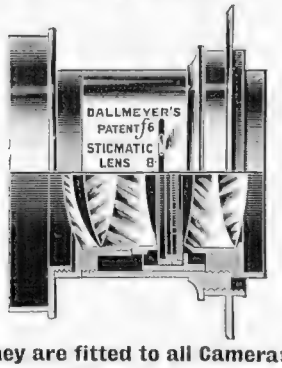

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

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ONE of the Finest Moderate-Powered Cars on the Market. The first impression is the remarkable silence of the engine. It is quite inaudible. The next, one is struck by the Car's velvety running. Springs, however well adjusted, would not give such smoothness, and the cause must be sought in the perfect balance of the engine.

ARGYLL

(Registered Trade Mark).

On its merits, the new "fifteen" is certain to become a favourite with that section of the motoring public, who want a car of ample but not excessive power, moderate in upkeep in regard to tyres and petrol, and easy to handle. This model fulfils all these conditions to the letter. *Send for our Illustrated Catalogue (No. 9.)*

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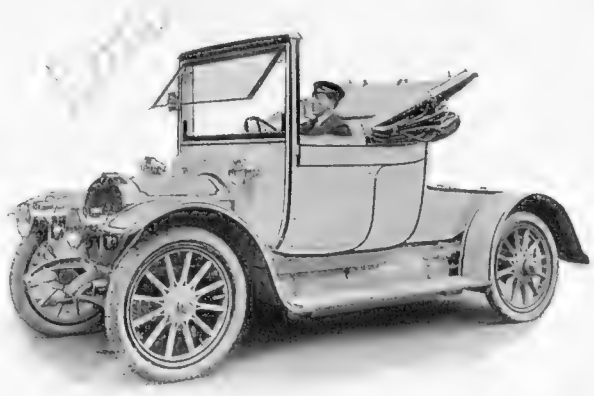
London Repair Works	.. ..	1½, Guilford Street, W.C.

development for marine purposes has it been brought. At that rate its utility for ships of war is a possibility easily within the limits of reasonable expectancy; and the advantages of it, so applied, are too obvious to allow "we cannot afford it" to wait upon "we would." My personal concern is rather lest activity in the heavens above should bring to naught all our labour on the earth beneath and in the waters under the earth.

Aerial Anticipations

The *Daily Mail*, at any rate, has its eye on the air. Its great organisation has enabled it on several occasions to make some contribution to the amelioration of certain national problems, which the fact that the same organisation has made us at times a few extra national problems need not allow us to obscure. Its offer of big money prizes for apparently difficult flights undoubtedly stimulated private effort toward the perfection of the machine (yes! likely enough it also stimulated circulation, and surely added kudos to the credit side of the paper's ledger—but neither need that be laboured) at a time when a stimulant was most needed, and while officialdom stood aside blowing coldly. Its present (and second) offer of £10,000 for an international competition over a thousand miles of Great Britain is certain to have a similar effect, and, as scientific advance is always snowballwise, the results may put us further ahead than we can see at the moment. That, however, need not lead us to the perpetration of an obvious grotesque such as "the machine which is successful will at once become the accepted type of aircraft." If the *Daily Mail* imagines *that*, it imagines very vain things; but the successful machine will undoubtedly demonstrate that it is the best that the engineer has been able to give us to date, it will certainly mark a still further and most wonderful step forward, having regard to the very short time the aeroplane has been a practical proposition at all, and, certainly again, its manufacturer will reap a large harvest in sales. That notwithstanding, we shall still be a long way from "the accepted type of aircraft," if by that is meant (as it is implied) a standardised machine.



A 12-14 h.-p. Armstrong-Whitworh Car Fitted with a Handsome Cabriolet Body

Miscellanea

The No. 44 (Montpelier Section) of the Michelin maps to France, to be issued in forty-seven sectional parts, at a scale of one centimetre to two kilometres, has just been published by C. H. Delagrave. It covers an extent of country lying between Aigues Vives and Narbonne on the west, and Arles and the mouths of the Rhone on the east. The other sections already published are No. 45, from Marseilles to Cannes, Paris (north and south), and the environs of Clermont-Ferrand, this last offered gratuitously. These sheets can be obtained, post free 11*d.* each, from the Michelin Tyre Company, Ltd., 42-53, Sussex Place, South Kensington, London, S.W.

P. G. R., THE POPULAR MOTOR SPIRIT OF THE SEASON. Suits any make of car and is obtainable at all leading garages.—Write for nearest depôt and particulars to PETROLES DE GROSNYI (RUSSIE), 101, Leadenhall St., E.C., or 94, Market St., Manchester.

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BUCKS (in ancient village).—For SALE, *a fine old Georgian RESIDENCE.* Panelled hall (with oak floor), elegant drawing room, fine oak-panelled dining room smoking room,
GALLERY OVER 40FT. LONG, and
MAGNIFICENT BILLIARD ROOM WITH ALCOVE.

THE OAK-PANELLED DINING ROOM.

THE GARDEN FRONT.

Complete offices, with servants' hall, 2 staircases, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms. *Large amount of old panelling, with rare paintings and other characteristics.* Motor-house. Acetylene gas. Company's water, main drainage. Kitchen and flower gardens, orchard, in all about 2 acres. Close to church, post, telegraph, and station.—Details from HAMPTON and SONS, who cannot too strongly recommend this residence from personal knowledge. Offices, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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NEWBURY (AMIDST DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY, a short distance from Kingsclere and the fine Down country of the Hampshire border).—To be LET, Unfurnished, the above pleasant OLD-FASHIONED COUNTRY RESIDENCE, containing: hall, drawing, dining and smoking rooms, detached billiard room, servants' hall, 10 or 12 bedrooms, and bathroom. Stabling for 4, cottage for coachman. OLD WORLD GARDENS, tennis and croquet lawn, capital kitchen garden and ample shade. Meadows up to 14 acres adjoining can be rented.—Apply, SIMMONS and SONS, Basingstoke; or HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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Valuations under the
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The prospect that the valuation now to be made may in the future be utilised for acquiring land for small holdings, etc., for rating, death duties, etc., renders it essential that owners should ensure that the valuation be made on safe lines, which can only be secured by wide experience in dealing with landed property.—For terms, apply

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WITHIN AN HOUR OF TOWN.
Picturesque Residence in park of 136 acres.

HERTS.—Typical old HERTFORDSHIRE HALL for SALE, standing secluded in grandly timbered grounds, laid out in a most attractive manner with flower beds and borders, charming rose garden, herbaceous walk, extensive kitchen gardens, long woodland walk, parklands and meadow.

Entrance hall, grand reception hall, drawing room (30ft. 6in. by 20ft.), dining room (30ft. 6in. by 21ft. 6in.), library (22ft. by 20ft.), morning room (21ft. by 17ft.), study, 20 bedrooms, complete offices, servants' hall, housekeeper's room, conservatory.

Some of the rooms are charmingly panelled, and all doors on ground floor are of solid mahogany of the Sheraton period. Range of outbuildings, comprising perfectly fitted model laundry, extensive larder and game larders, brew houses, and range of kennels. Stabling for several horses and farmery.—Personally inspected and recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur St., S.W.

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EXCELLENT GOLFING FACILITIES.
75 MINUTES BY NON-STOP EXPRESS TRAINS FROM LONDON, CLOSE TO RAILWAY STATION.
FINE OLD GEORGIAN RESIDENCE,
in secluded position, yet with valuable frontages.

KENT.—"PRESTON HOUSE," Faversham. For SALE, Freehold, an exceedingly valuable PROPERTY, comprising a typical Georgian Residence, stabling for 3, convenient outbuildings, and
EXCEEDINGLY WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS
of about 15 acres, with tennis lawns, flower, fruit, and kitchen gardens and paddock, affording a unique opportunity for profitable development owing to its proximity to the railway station and town, and its extensive frontages of about 2,000ft. to three roads. The Residence contains a suite of lofty reception rooms, lounge hall, billiard room, conservatory, 14 bed and dressing rooms, bath, and usual offices.
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MAIN DRAINAGE.
No land tax. Small tithe. Will be SOLD by AUCTION on September 27, in two lots, unless previously disposed of.—Details of HAMPTON and SONS, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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HIGH SITUATION ON SAND SOIL.

40 MINUTES FROM LONDON.—To be SOLD, the above well-built RESIDENCE, offering exceptional attractions to golfers, commanding practically the whole of the links and within 300 yards of the club-house: 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, good offices, etc.; pretty grounds with full-sized tennis and croquet lawns.

£3,500 FREEHOLD.

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ON A SOUTHERN SLOPE OF THE ASHDOWN FOREST.
HOUSE, GROUNDS, AND PARK OF ABOUT 100 ACRES, OR THE COMPACT ESTATE OF 1,200 ACRES WOULD BE SOLD AS A WHOLE.

The situation is one of the most beautiful in Sussex.
AWAY FROM THE MAIN ROADS. ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT.

THE HOUSE, as shown in the accompanying picture, is stone-built and of Elizabethan character, and contains: 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 24 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; stabling for 7 horses; terraced lawns and lovely old gardens.—Photographs and plan of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (4,211)

HANTS AND SUSSEX BORDERS, BETWEEN PETERSFIELD AND GUILDFORD.

A FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL ESTATE of about 971 ACRES. The House stands on an eminence about 400ft. above sea level in a BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED PARK, approached by an avenue carriage drive with lodge at entrance. It contains: entrance hall, 5 reception rooms, conservatory, 12 principal bed and dressing rooms, 8 servants' bedrooms, bathroom, workroom, and complete domestic offices; ELECTRIC LIGHT INSTALLED THROUGHOUT; adjacent is a Roman Catholic Private Chapel and a cottage residence; 4 cottages; stabling for 5 horses; coach-house, etc.; motor-house with pit; the pleasure grounds contain some magnificent specimen trees; beautiful lawns and kitchen gardens; the parklands extend to 174 acres, and there are about 216 acres of woodlands and plantations; the shooting is good, the coverts being well placed for rearing and preservation of game; hunting with 2 packs; 2 GOLF COURSES are within easy driving distance.—Illustrated particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, London, W. (4,343)

HISTORICAL CASTLE AND 23 ACRES. PRICE, £6,500.
OR WITH 1,100 ACRES. £25,000.
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WESTERN COUNTIES.—A FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL, SPORTING, AND HISTORICAL ESTATE of about 1,110 acres.

The noble Mansion stands in a finely timbered park of about 80 acres, and contains: suite of lofty reception rooms, 24 bed and dressing rooms, and extensive offices; stabling for 15; 2 lodges, and delightful pleasure grounds and pasture-land. The Estate includes 150 acres of well-placed coverts, 5 farms, dwelling-house, cottage, etc.—Full particulars may be had of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.; or Messrs. BRUTON, KNOWLES and Co., Gloucester. (4,291)

A WELL-KNOWN JERSEY PROPERTY.
CARRYING IMPORTANT SIGNEURIAL RIGHTS.
RETURNING 4 PER CENT. EXCLUSIVE OF HOUSE AND GROUNDS.

TO BE SOLD, one of the most important MANORIAL PROPERTIES in the island, extending to

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A DELIGHTFUL RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY OF 70 ACRES WITH A SUBSTANTIAL GEORGIAN MANSION.

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TO BE SOLD.

The above fine old HOUSE, perfectly secluded in magnificently timbered old grounds with many specimen trees. The accommodation comprises: 5 reception rooms, about 22 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; excellent stabling and outbuildings, lodge and cottages; the grounds are quite the feature, and the variety and beauty of the timber is exceptional; there are fine old lawns, Dutch garden, rose garden, walled kitchen garden with glass-houses, etc., and parkland, in all about 70 acres.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W., who have inspected. (3,242)

TELEGRAMS: "Galleries, London."

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Lot	a. r. p.
1.—Stratton Audley Hall, grounds, and stabling	9 2 20
2.—Hunting stables, house, and paddock	4 0 27
3.—The Thatched House, grounds, and stabling	7 3 38
4.—Accommodation land	19 1 32
5.—Ditto	25 3 37
6.—Ditto	55 3 39
7.—Small holding	88 3 30
8.—Ditto	42 2 20
	254 3 3

—Particulars of Messrs. MARKBY, STEWART and Co., Solicitors, 57, Coleman Street, E.C.; or of the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

SHROPSHIRE BORDERS.

£2,500 WILL BUY the above well-appointed modern RESIDENCE, in a capital sporting district, near Oswestry and Shrewsbury. It stands 550ft. above sea level, and contains: hall, OAK-PANELLED DINING ROOM, drawing room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bath (h. and c.); well-arranged gardens and grounds, walled-in kitchen garden, field with river frontage, in all about 4 acres; stabling and motor-house; boating, bathing, trout fishing; near golf.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,458)

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REQUIRED TO PURCHASE, an AGRICULTURAL ESTATE, extending from, say, 2,000 to 5,000 acres of good land, already Let, or capable of being Let. Should be situated within convenient distance of a good station, on preferably one of the principal lines of railway from London to the North.—Particulars and, if possible, plans to "BUYER," WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

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IPSWICH (8 miles from).—The above GEORGIAN HOUSE, with 2 cottages; stabling for 4; well-timbered grounds, walled kitchen garden, glasshouses, etc., in all 3 ACRES, for SALE. Price, £2,800. 10 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 4 reception rooms, hall, and offices; acetylene gas; modern drainage; good hunting; shooting in district.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,396)

NORTH HAMPSHIRE (near a celebrated old-world village, equidistant 2½ miles from Winchfield and Fleet stations, 12 from Basingstoke, about an hour from London).—£5,250 will PURCHASE the above old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE, with modern additions, standing high, but sheltered, on gravel, with extensive and pretty views; attractive, well-timbered, inexpensive grounds of 3½ acres, walled kitchen gardens, and productive meadow-land of about 21 ACRES; stabling for 3, 2 motor-houses, farmery, capital 6-roomed cottage; 10 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, conservatory, lounge hall with fireplace, ample offices; modern drainage, gas, Company's water; hunting, shooting, fishing, golf. OR WOULD BE SOLD WITH 3½ ACRES ONLY.—Inspected and recommended by Messrs. WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,499)

L. & N.W. RY. Main Line (35 minutes from London, 300ft. above sea, on gravel).—3,000 GUINEAS will PURCHASE a genuine old-fashioned GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, beautifully situated in a rural district, with old-world grounds, croquet lawn, walled kitchen gardens, etc.: 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 good reception rooms, quaint hall, conservatory, and small billiard room, ample offices; Company's water, gas, main drainage; stabling for 5 horses; mile from station.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,550)

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THIS ARTISTIC RESIDENCE, standing nearly 400FT. HIGH,

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at a sacrificial price.

Company's water; gravel soil; 100 yds. from road; hall, PANELLED dining room, drawing room, study, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, boxroom (or extra bedrooms);

3-ROOMED COTTAGE;

stabling and coach-house; good drainage.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,570)

45 MINUTES FROM THE CITY by Expresses.—A very desirable little PROPERTY of about 25 acres to be SOLD. The Residence stands in a small park with lodge, and contains: billiard and usual reception rooms, 15 bed and dressing rooms, land offices; lovely grounds with small lake, productive gardens, cottages, etc.; first-rate hunting situation; golf close by. Low price.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,562)

SEVENOAKS (near).—PRICE, £2,850.—Rent, £140, Unfurnished.—Picturesque old-fashioned RESIDENCE, 400 ft. above sea, 1½ miles from station, with stabling, pleasure and kitchen gardens, 2 paddocks, 4 acres: 6 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, conservatory; carriage drive, with 5-roomed entrance lodge; sandy soil; lovely views.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,155)

HAMPSHIRE.

ROMSEY (near).—The above attractive Country HOUSE, high on gravel, in grounds of 5 ACRES, to be SOLD at the REDUCED PRICE OF £3,000; beautifully situated with fine views; ¾ mile from station, 10 from Winchester: 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, conservatory, lounge hall with fireplace, ample offices; gas and water laid on; stabling, motor-house, cottage; pretty but inexpensive grounds, tennis courts, kitchen garden, etc.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,918)

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LOVELY OLD-FASHIONED COTTAGE RESIDENCE.—To be SOLD, dating back to 1600, with a

GRAND WEALTH OF OLD OAK.

2 reception, 6 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling; bungalow.

EXCEEDINGLY PRETTY OLD-WORLD GROUNDS OF 2 ACRES.

Tennis lawn, etc.; situated in one of the prettiest parts of Surrey, 1 hour from London.—Inspected and recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (11,739)

A LITTLE GEM OF A PROPERTY.

OLD OAK-BEAMED CEILINGS.

ONE HOUR SOUTH OF LONDON.—To be SOLD, the above genuine old-fashioned RESIDENCE, with

GRAND WEALTH OF OLD OAK,

and old open fireplaces; well away from road, 300ft. above sea level, surrounded by exceptionally well-timbered grounds and land of

14 ACRES.

Lounge hall, 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling, motor-house, cottage. An early inspection is advised.—Strongly recommended from inspection by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

A VERY GREAT BARGAIN.

Commanding Lovely Views.

£950.—BATTLE, SUSSEX.—An attractive Freehold RESIDENCE, standing in pretty grounds of about 1 acre: lounge hall, reception room (28ft. 10in. by 15ft.), 2 other sitting rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom, studio; stable and cottage.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SURREY HILLS, Warlingham (600ft. above sea level).—A charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE, known as "West Hall," standing in well-timbered grounds of about 3 ACRES, with tennis lawn, flower and kitchen garden, and paddocks: hall, 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling, cottage, farmery.—HARRODS (Ltd.) will SELL the above by AUCTION at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C., on Oct. 10 next.

POLO. HUNTING. ETC.

RUGBY, "Penhros House."—An exceptionally well-built and splendidly fitted RESIDENCE, very well arranged, with every modern convenience: entrance porch, large lounge hall, 3 reception, billiard room, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, servants' hall, etc.; excellent stabling for 5 horses, coach-house, motor-house; electric light; nice garden, full-sized tennis lawn, kitchen garden.—HARRODS (Ltd.) will SELL the above by AUCTION at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C., on October 10 next.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED.

CHARMING OLD-WORLD VILLAGE.

HANTS, Winchfield District (easy reach of main line station).—This charming old RESIDENCE to LET for the Winter: 7 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; stabling 4, and man's rooms; capital hunting.—Rent only 3 to 4 gns. p. w.—Inspected and strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 823)

HUNTING 6 DAYS A WEEK.

W.H., DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S, etc.—An attractive Country RESIDENCE, surrounded by parklike grounds, THREE MILES FROM G.W.R. MAIN LINE: 13 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; stabling 10 or 12. To LET for Hunting Season.—Inspected and recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 2,321)

GLOS. AND OXON BORDERS (beautiful district).—Comfortable HOUSE in large grounds: 7 bed, bath, 3 reception, and lounge hall. EXCELLENT HUNTING 5 DAYS A WEEK. Heythrop, North Cotswold, etc.; capital stabling 5 horses. Low rent for 6 months.—Agents, HARROD (Ltd.), as above. (F 2,355)

EXCEPTIONALLY WELL SHELTERED.

NORTH WALES COAST.—To LET for 2 or 3 months, extremely well-furnished and very cheerful RESIDENCE, facing South, with charming views: bed, bath, 3 reception, verandah; stabling, etc.; pretty grounds, 5 acres.—Strongly recommended from personal knowledge by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 2,660)

12 MILES FROM LONDON (near excellent golf course).—To be SOLD, the above old-fashioned RESIDENCE, occupying an entirely secluded position in matured grounds of nearly 5 ACRES. It contains: 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light; main drainage; Company's water; stabling for 2; beautiful gardens, tennis court, vinery, forcing-house, and meadowland. Very moderate price.—Full particulars of Box K 3,938, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

35 MINUTES FROM TOWN.—To be SOLD, a well-built RESIDENCE, occupying a pleasant position in grounds of about 10 acres. The accommodation comprises: billiard and 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; Company's gas and water; main drainage: stabling for 3, coach-house, harness room, and man's room. The grounds contain many varieties of ornamental timber, including oak, acacia, silver birch, arbutus, etc., rose garden, productive kitchen garden, well-stocked orchard, wilderness garden, and good meadow-land; gardener's cottage; 2 cowhouses, pigstye, etc.—Box K 4,190, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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130 ACRES,

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A CHARMING RESIDENCE, standing in its own grounds, containing: good sitting hall, drawing room, dining room, 7 bedrooms, dressing room, bathroom, and the usual offices; prettily laid-out grounds of about an acre; full-sized tennis lawn, kitchen garden; electric light; Company's water; ½ mile from main line station.—For further information apply, OWNER, "Overmead," West Byfleet.

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tennis court, clumps of rhododendrons, wilderness walk, kitchen garden, and orchard.—Box K 4,717, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

UNDER 1 HOUR FROM TOWN.

TO BE SOLD, a commodious RESIDENCE, pleasantly placed in grounds of about 20 ACRES. It is approached by an AVENUE DRIVE of some 150 yards in length, and the accommodation comprises: 3 good reception rooms, 12 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and the usual offices; stabling for 4, coach-house, harness room, etc.; cottage; the grounds include 4 tennis courts, orchards, and meadow-land. Moderate price.—Box K 4,752, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

AT A VERY GREAT SACRIFICE.

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To be SOLD, a handsome, well-built, modern COUNTRY HOUSE, on gravel soil, amidst pretty terraced grounds. On the upper floors: 16 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, grand lounge hall (32 ft. by 18 ft. 9 in. and 21 ft. high), 3 reception rooms, magistrate room, and extensive offices; lighted by gasolene; first-rate stabling for 14 horses, large coach-house, 2 cottages, and groom's rooms; laundry and cottage, farm cottage and homestead; excellent kitchen garden and grassland; hunting 5 days a week; golf and polo within 4 miles;

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WANTED, in a high, dry, and bracing position, not less than 500ft. above sea level, on gravel or loamy soil, an ESTATE of 2,000 to 5,000 acres, with Mansion containing not less than 20 bedrooms, 5 reception rooms, billiard room, and good domestic quarters. Distance from London no consideration, but land must be good and well let. Purchaser will inspect suitable place at once and all particulars treated as confidential and returned if property not suitable.—Address, in first instance, "COLONIAL," Box 2,275. WILLINGS, 125, Strand, London, W.C. No Agents.

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WANTED, on North or South Devon Coast, Unfurnished HOUSE; about 10 bedrooms, usual offices; grounds must run down to the sea; stabling for 5; fishing and safe bathing necessary.—Mrs. C. PRIOLEAU, Seaview, Woolacombe.

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Near golf course. Electric light. Main water. Telephone.

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CORNISH RIVIERA.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, UNFURNISHED, or SOLD, charming well-built MODERN RESIDENCE, commanding lovely sea views, and containing: *oak-panelled lounge hall*, dining room, drawing room, billiard room (the last 2 rooms are oak-panelled), conservatory, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.); good water supply; *lighted throughout by petrol gas*; motor-house; well-laid-out grounds.—Personally inspected and recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 20, Princes Street, Yeovil, and 100, Mount Street, London, W.

£3,500 FREEHOLD.—NEWBURY.—10 bedrooms, bathroom, 4 reception rooms; 13 acres of grandly timbered gardens and parklands.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

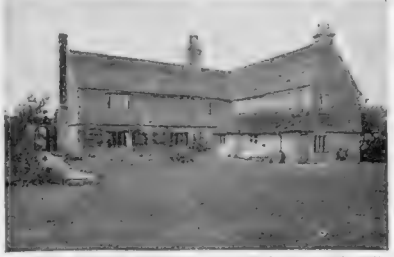
ASHDOWN FOREST.—£3,600, FREEHOLD. 90 *ACRES. Capital FARM. Lovely views, 400 ft. above sea level; small Farmhouse.*—*Agents*, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

£2,500 FREEHOLD.—BERKS (lovely position, 300ft. above sea level).—Delightful HOUSE and exquisite gardens; good stabling and cottage; 5 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

BEAUTIFUL CHIDDINGFOLD.—For SALE, Freehold, in this delightful and exclusive part of Surrey, a well-known old-world RESIDENCE: stabling, and fine grounds; banqueting hall, 5 reception rooms, bathroom, 8 bedrooms, etc.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

£3,400 FOR A LITTLE SHOW PLACE NEAR TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—The HOUSE stands in perfect gardens, and contains: 8 bedroooms, bathroom, lounge hall, 4 reception rooms; stabling. Freehold.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount St., London, W.

TYPICAL OLD SUSSEX MANOR HOUSE.
ABOUT 70 ACRES OF GOOD LAND BOUNDED BY THE RIVER ARUN.



£4,500 FREEHOLD.—This exceptionally attractive little ESTATE includes the above depicted old-world House, which has recently been put *in thorough order* at considerable expense. It contains: charming entrance hall, drawing and dining rooms each with oak-beamed ceilings, smoking room, *fine oak staircase*, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, good offices, etc.; the House is wired for *electric light*, has good water supply and modern sanitation; gardens laid out in the old-fashioned style, and there are ample buildings, including new cottage, motor-house, etc.; *the sub-soil is gravel.*—Agents, Messrs. COLLIER, SON and SPARKES, Godalming; and WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

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FOR SALE.—A PERFECT ESTATE of nearly 62 acres, comprising a singularly attractive RESIDENCE, right back from the road: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, ample domestic offices, 13 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 5; the gardens are of a most delightful character, and include rose gardens, lawns, rock garden, kitchen garden, and finely timbered parklands. Moderate price for an early sale.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W., who recommend from a personal inspection.

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CHARMING OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE WITHIN A MILE OF THE THAMES AND 50 MINUTES' RAIL OF LONDON.

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NOBLE MANSION DATING FROM THE REIGN OF HENRY VII.
3,000 ACRES OF SHOOTING.
CENTRE OF A FAVOURITE HUNT.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, FOR TWO YEARS.—This quite unique ESTATE occupies a fine situation in one of, if not the, very best part of the West of England, about 3 hours' rail from London.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and at Yeovil.

ORPINGTON, ½ an hour from London by fast trains.
BRACING POSITION, 350FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL. GRAND VIEWS.

£3,000.—FOR SALE, a beautifully placed COUNTRY PROPERTY, including picturesque modern House, fitted with all modern improvements and in perfect order: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, good offices, 7 bedrooms, bathroom; main water; gas; modern drainage; delightful grounds, with tennis and croquet lawns, herbaceous borders, walled kitchen and fruit gardens; golf.—Personally inspected and recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

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A Coffee-pot in which perfect Coffee can be made at table with the same facility as tea is made in a teapot, and which produces an infusion to satisfy the most exacting taste.

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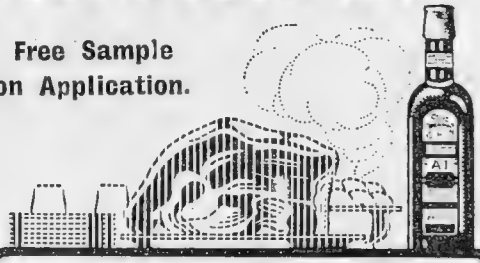

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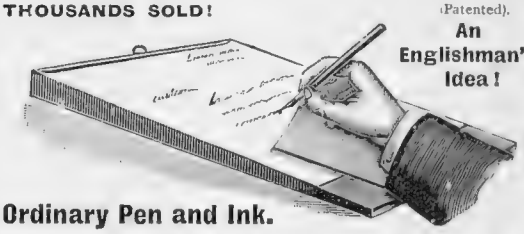

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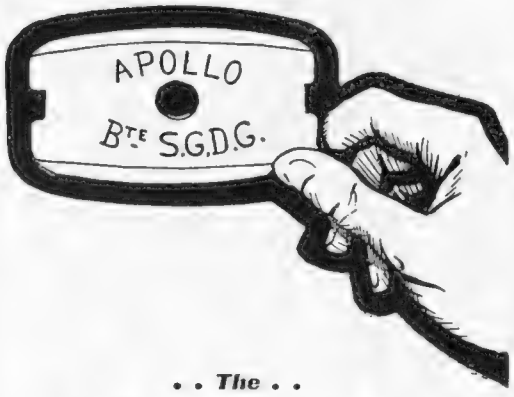

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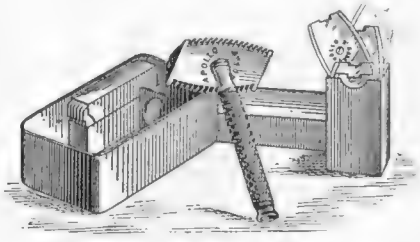

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Is supplied in a Solid Metal Box, Nickel-plated, containing a Gilt or Silver-plated Razor and Twelve Blades, put up in two compact Metallic Boxes. Full size, 3⅜ x 1¾ x 1⅛ inch.

PRICE 21/-

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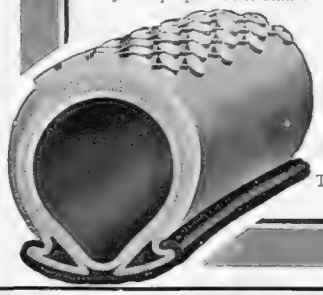
There is as much difference between Goodrich rubber and the ordinary loose compound as between a trained athlete and a brewer's drayman. . . . . Goodrich Tyre rubber is tough and close in grain, resilient, trained to the hour, **the very muscle of rubber . . .** A few hundred miles of loose flinty roads does not deface it with innumerable cuts hungry for grit and thirsty for moisture. . . . Goodrich rubber is not at the mercy of small circumstances like that. Strains which reduce the average "beefy" tyre to pulp leave it unmarked, full of fight, ready to carry on its defensive mission to casing and air chamber to the furthest limits of Tyre endurance.



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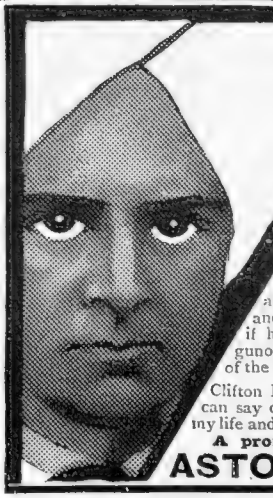
DELICIOUS COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.



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Of infinite value to purify and freshen the atmosphere.

The charming scent of English Lavender is faithfully retained, making it an ideal perfume.

Beware of worthless imitations.
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Mrs. Berkeley's New Treatment Restores the Contour, Removes Double Chin, and Fills Out Lines and Furrows.

Mrs. Berkeley's Treatment does not need keeping up, One Course being sufficient to Build Up the Tissues, and enable the Skin to Retain a Velvety Surface.

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Frocks, Frills & Furbelows.

By MRS. JACK MAY

The Exodus North

As goes without saying, anybody who is anybody is going North to some big shoot, followed by the usual round of country-house visiting, events that invariably ripple the modistic surface in exclusive quarters. Among the items ranking in high importance comes the practical tea or rest-gown, as it has of late years come to be called. The rest-gown is essentially a feminine production, and two or three names recall themselves as pre-eminently successful in the quality of their designing. An error frequently made by those who are not personally *au fait* with the varying exigencies of shooting-box parties is an extravagance of decoration, which at once reduces the comfortable rest-gown into a nondescript sort of teagown.

Now, in the model pictured by Mrs. Dorothy Millar we have endeavoured to get right away from conventional lines. The illustration shows a creation as tasteful in aspect as it is practical in kind. Either velveteen or Liberty corded silk would provide the best expression, the folds of the skirt in front and the summit of the high-waist shirt ornamented with *passementerie* in wing form. Needless to say, the shirt is one with the quaint upper part, which is worn over a shirt of *ninon*, with turn-over collar. In any of the tender shades of foreign greys or browns it would be especially charming, the underslip always in tone with the gown.

At a shooting-box, with a party *intime*, such a gown would be quite permissible at dinner, though that, of course, is largely a matter of taste and inclination. Given only the blessed gift of imagination, it is possible to work out some fascinating fantasies in rest-gowns, culling ideas from all periods and ages, the mediæval proving especially amenable to modern adaptations. In the matter of fabrics, velveteens are closely followed by *souple* woollen materials and the before-mentioned corded silks. But ephemeralities are wholly out of place, the teagown in its higher flight having the monopoly of such fabrics as *ninon*, painted *mousseline* and lace, etc.

Neat Cream Crêpe Shirt

Deep consideration has already been accorded the blouse-shirt for wearing with the more severe style of tailor-made suit, and the general consensus of opinion is in favour of a one-side front entrance. While the frill will continue to provide a popular finish, it will not by any means monopolise the decorative situation. Buttons both large and small have their part to play in the scheme, together with braid and cord bradenburgs, and even buckles may be pressed into the service.

A Charming Rest-Gown

It should be made in either velveteen or Liberty corded silk and ornamented with *passementerie*

(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

When one and not more than three large buttons are selected it is well to secure something very distinctive, such as mosaic-chased silver, oxydise set with stars, or that ubiquitous fancy tortoiseshell.

On the *chic* little shirt depicted of cream *crêpe* the buttons are of silk crochet, these affording a tasteful

finish to a strictly utilitarian shirt, a possession that the *vraie élégante* American has stamped with her deepest approval.

Beauty Cultivation

Many a woman does not know—although she ought—that the preservation of beauty and the restoration of good looks are possible by employing the right kind of methods. Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd., have proved this in thousands of cases. Beauty can be preserved and tempted back just as proper treatment either maintains or brings back good health. It is only a matter of following a few wise and simple rules and giving a few minutes daily to the culture of good looks. Many a woman will spend hours in taking exercise for her health's sake who has never thought of practising for a few minutes daily the simple rules of Pomeroy Treatment, which maintains permanent charm, though beauty itself is second in importance, and comes only next to health.

Of course, the best way to begin beauty culture is by taking a Pomeroy Face Treatment, which costs 7*s.* 6*d.*, and is administered by trained operators at 29, Old Bond Street, London, W., and at the various Pomeroy branches. The benefit received from such a treatment is immediately apparent and of lasting good. One also learns by explanation and observation how best to use the various Pomeroy Toilet Specialities. The most notable of these is Pomeroy Skin Food—a pure, delightful preparation, which thousands of ladies use, both in youth and in days so dreaded by a woman, when beauty begins to fade. These ladies have learned that in youth Pomeroy Skin Food maintains and enhances charm and gives to the personal appearance that dainty suggestion of radiant health which shows it at its best. In the more difficult years, when nature ordains that beauty shall lose something of its earlier charm, Pomeroy Skin Food, applied regularly and carefully, arrests Time's ravages and coaxes back the bloom of early youth. This preparation is sold by chemists at 1*s.* 6*d.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, and 5*s.* a jar, or can be obtained direct from Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd.

Mention should also be made of the Pomeroy Electrolysis for superfluous hair. Any woman afflicted with these unsightly growths should visit 29, Old Bond Street, and have the blemishes removed.

A Neat Cream Crêpe Shirt
The buttons are of silk crochet
(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

The Menu: THE GROUSE SEASON

Roast Grouse

Handle the birds very lightly in plucking off the feathers; draw them, and wipe the insides with clean, damp cloths; truss the grouse in the same way as pheasants are done, and roast them about half an hour, keeping them well basted. Serve them on buttered toast which has been laid under them in the pan for ten minutes, or, if preferred, with gravy and bread sauce only.

Salmis of Grouse

Roast a grouse for about ten minutes, then cut into joints. Pound the liver smoothly, cut 2oz. of cooked ham into dice, chop one small onion, and tie up a bunch of herbs together. Melt 1oz. of butter in a stewpan and put in the onion, three cloves, six peppercorns, the chopped ham, and the herbs; fry all these a pale brown. When nearly dark enough, add 1oz. of flour, and brown as well. Pour in three-quarters of a pint of stock and stir till it boils. Put in the grouse, liver, a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, two teaspoonfuls of red-currant jelly, and ½oz. of glaze. Cover the pan, and simmer very gently about thirty-five to forty-five minutes. When cooked, arrange neatly on a hot dish, strain the sauce over, and garnish with croûtons of fried bread.

Grouse Pie

Line the bottom of a pie-dish with 1lb. of rump steak, cut into neat pieces. Cut two grouse into joints, season highly with salt, cayenne, and black pepper; pour in some stock, and cover with puff-paste; brush the crust over with the yolk of an egg, and bake one hour. The backbones and trimmings from the grouse will make the gravy, by stewing them with an onion, a little mace, a bunch of herbs, and a wineglass of sherry. This should be poured in after the pie is baked.

Salmis of Wild Duck

Cook the bones of the duck in stock, with an onion, a bunch of herbs, and a carrot; let it cook till well flavoured, then strain it, thicken it, add a little wine, boil it up, adding a squeeze of bitter orange just at the last. Have ready some neat slices from the duck, and leave them to soak in this gravy for, if possible, two or three hours before serving; just before it is wanted heat it up, but do not on any account let it boil.

Fillets of Teal and Anchovies

Fillet the teal after partly roasting them, lay them on a tin or china fireproof dish, which has been buttered and sprinkled with grated Parmesan cheese; place a fillet of anchovy on each piece, moisten with stock, sprinkle with breadcrumbs and grated Parmesan cheese, then bake in the oven; squeeze the juice of a lemon over them before serving.

Devilled Mushrooms in Cases

Select small mushrooms, wipe, peel, and cut into small dice. Carefully butter the china or paper cases to be used, lay a small slice of lemon in each, fill three parts full with mushrooms, seasoning well with salt, cayenne, and lemon-juice. Over this spread a layer of devilled potted meat, worked up with the yolk of an egg. Scatter breadcrumbs on the top, put little pieces of butter over, and bake in a good oven for ten minutes. Emilia.

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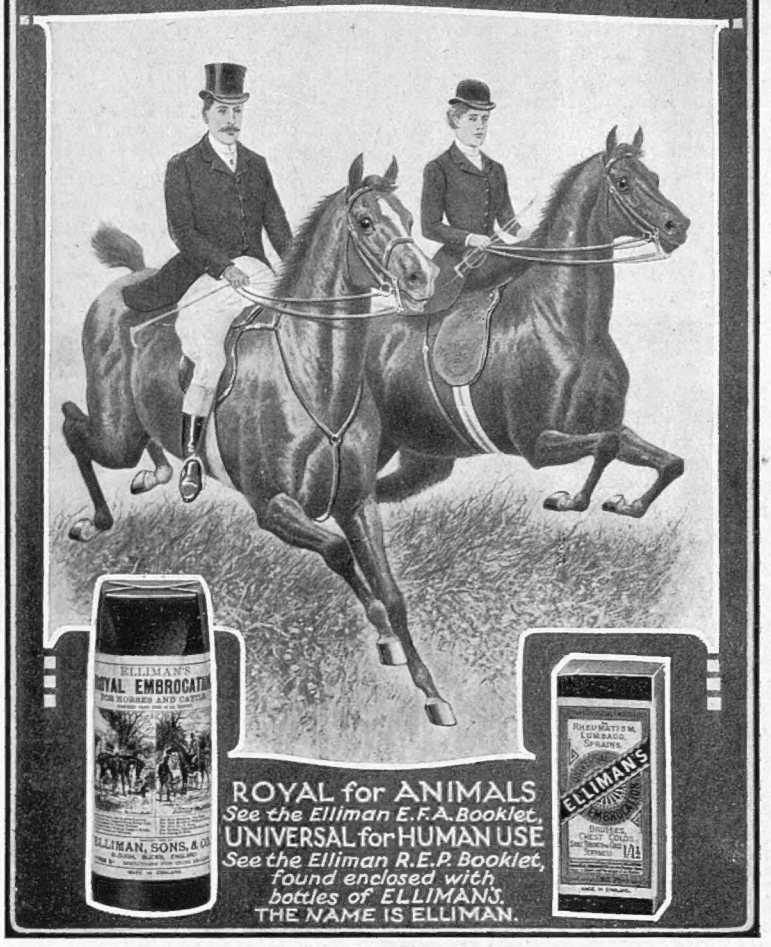

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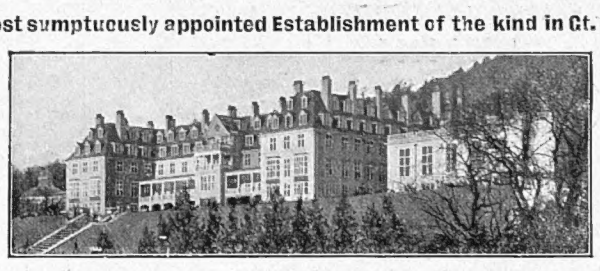

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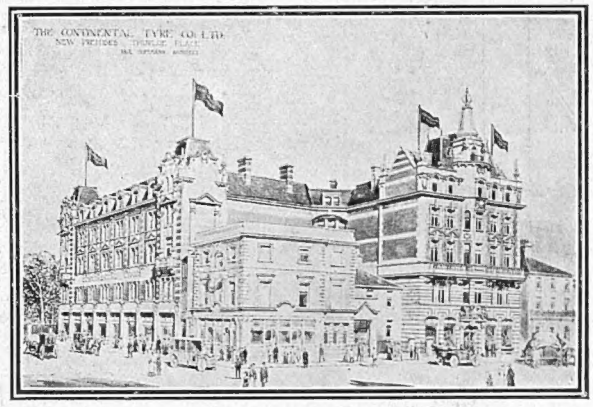
A. M. THIEM (of the WINDSOR HOTEL, GLASGOW), *Managing Director.*

The Editor's Box

A Holiday in Belgium

Those persons who contemplate spending a holiday abroad, and have not yet decided where, could hardly do better than to take a tour through Belgium. Belgium is a country of great historical and architectural interest, and it has been most fortunate in having preserved to a far greater extent than most countries evidences of mediæval times, such towns as Bruges, Ghent, and Antwerp being unsurpassed for their quaint and picturesque style. The Belgian States Railways and Mail Packet Service are now issuing excursion fifteen-day tickets every Friday and Saturday until October, covering the principal towns in Belgium. An idea of the cheapness of these tickets can be gathered from the fact that the rate from Dover to Brussels is only 18*s.* 2*d.* first-class throughout. Passengers are allowed to break their journey at Ostend, Bruges, and Ghent for Brussels, at Malines for Antwerp, and at Louvain with tickets for Liége. The times of the three boat services from Dover (Admiralty Pier) are 11.0 a.m., 4.30 p.m., and 11.0 p.m. From Ostend to Dover 10.47 a.m., 3.30 p.m., and 11.8 p.m.



The Premises of the Continental Tyre and Rubber Co. in Brompton Road as they will appear when completed

Durward v. Peake

Before his Lordship Sir Samuel Evans in the Vacation Court last Wednesday Mr. Bramwell Davis, K.C. (instructed by Messrs. Kenneth Brown, Baker, Baker and Co., of 49, Old Bond Street, W.), stated that he appeared for Mr. Kenneth Durward, of Ulster House, Conduit Street, W. The motion was for an injunction restraining the defendant, his servants, or agents, from infringing the planitiff's rights in the name of Durward applicable to coats. Plaintiff's counsel explained that the defendant had by his counsel undertaken, without prejudice, not to use the name of Durward pending the trial of the action. The Judge made an order accordingly, and gave leave to add G. Newton Peake, Ltd., as defendants.

"Berkefeld" Filters

In the course of his report on the efficacy of the "Berkefeld" Filters, Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., says: "In the present year (1910), at the request of the Berkefeld Filter Company, Ltd., of 121, Oxford Street, London, W., I arranged for a very exhaustive and complete series of experiments to be undertaken by an experienced bacteriologist. This investigation was intended to supplement my previous reports on the power of these filters to afford a supply of germ-free water. A point of great importance in connection with the investigations to be described is represented by the fact that the tests were made under conditions of a far more rigorous and severe kind than are liable to be met with in ordinary life, and in the ordinary use of the filters. In other words, the main idea of the experimentation was that of subjecting the filters to far more severe tests than any to which they were ever likely to be submitted in ordinary use. Their efficiency for such use could thus be proved and determined in a manner satisfactory alike to the users and to the manufacturers." The filters used in the experiments were taken out of the ordinary stock of the Berkefeld Filter Company, Ltd. Dr. Wilson then goes on to describe the experiments, and winds up by saying: "The results of the investigations enable me to substantiate and confirm the previous reports made by experts regarding the efficacy of the Berkefeld Filters. If science has spoken boldly and convincingly regarding any phase of importance in the matter of health, such utterance will certainly be found in the declarations, first, that ordinary filters are of no service whatever, because they cannot yield what is wanted, a germ-free water; and second, that in the Berkefeld Filters are to be found appliances which can with all confidence be employed in securing a supply of absolutely pure drinking fluid."

Interesting Sales

Messrs. Hampton and Sons announce the sale privately of the "Crowham Manor" Estate, near Battle, comprising an interesting old Manor House, with about 260 acres bounded by the River Brede. It is situated in a picturesque park, with attractive old pleasure grounds. The manor is of interest as being mentioned in Domesday Book. The purchaser is D. H. Coghill, Esq., ex-M.P. for Stoke-on-Trent. Also the sale of "Plas Llanfair," one of the most beautifully situated houses on the Menai Straits, is announced, the purchaser being the Marquis of Anglesey. "Plas Llanfair" is a very interesting old house, and formerly belonged to the late Lord Clarence Paget, who, when Secretary to the Admiralty, erected a statue of Nelson on the foreshore close to the tubular bridge. The property extends to about 100 acres of parklands and includes most attractive pleasure grounds.

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